The poster

November 21 – 27

ENTERTAINMENT

Ofra Haza appears in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

BLUES – Ted Cooper, Bob Mark. (Harmony House, 17 Salomon, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.).

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE GOLDEN PEACOCK – Shemtov Levy plays piano, flute, recorder and synthesizer. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIV'IT – Selection of their new songs. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

MA'ATZ BAND – Yemenite electronic rock. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

MARATHON GUITAR FESTIVAL – Miguel Hirshstein, Avner Strauss, Jean Claude Juness, Steve Paskoff, Oscar Sher. (Pargod, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

OFRA HAZA – Old and new hits. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

RIVKA RAZ and COPA-CABANA BAND – South American songs. (Gerard Behar, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

SHIMON APLATONY – Comical and serious mime. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

DANCING TONIGHT – Avi Toledano's new programme. (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10 p.m.; Petah Tikva, Hechal, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – See J'lem. (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

DUOS AND QUARTETS – Folk music with the Dudaim and the Parvarim. (Old Jaffa, El Hanam, tonight at 9:45 p.m.)

EVERLASTING COVENANT – With Ehud Manor and Matti Caspi. (Holon, Kiryat Sharett, tonight at 10 p.m.)

KORIN ALAL – Israeli rock. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

MAMI – Political-rock fantasy. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m., midnight, tomorrow at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – Songs from South America. (Ramle, Hechal Hatarbut, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SONGS OF NATAN ALTERMAN – With Nachum Heiman and guests. (Yfid Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SPECIAL EVENING WITH YAFFA YARKONI – Old and new songs, stories, plus guest artists. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

STAND UP COMEDY – Well-known local humorists improvise. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

THERE WERE NIGHTS – Songs of Mordechai Zeira. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE THIRD JAZZ FESTIVAL – Classical works. (Beit Leissin, Monday at 6 p.m.); Shin-Ichi Fukuda, classical guitarist from Japan. (Monday at 8:30 p.m.); Avraham Spektor and Orly Lavan play with the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra (Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A. Beit Hchayal, tomorrow, Monday, Thursday at 9 p.m.; Kfar Sava, Hechal Hatarbut, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – See J'lem. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD – Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MORNING CONCERT – Eti Rosenthal, baroque flute, recorder; Netta Ladar, harpsichord; Yehonah Hirshberg, baroque violin. Works by C.P.E. Bach, J.S. Bach, Quantz and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO – Fully-staged opera in four acts by Mozart. With the New Israel Opera, the Israel Chamber Orchestra, the Rinat National Choir (performed in Italian with screened Hebrew translation). (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – Conductor Thomas Sandoling (Germany). Soloist Ilan Rogoff, piano. Works by Rossini, Chopin, Handel, Mozart. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Sunday)

RENANIM PLAYERS – Recorder ensemble. Renaissance, Baroque, 20th-century music. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, Sunday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – Conductor Gary Bertini. Soloist Stuart Burrows, tenor. With the WDR Choir (Cologne); Rinat National Choir; Hakibbutz Ha'artzi Choir. Berlioz: Requiem. (Binyenei Ha'uma, Monday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – Conductor Jerzy Maksymiuk (Poland). Soloist Gad Levertov, viola. Works by Lutoslawski, Telemann, Matyas Seiber, Britten, Haydn. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday)

PIANO RECITAL – Benjamin Oren. Chopin: the Nocturnes. (Rubin Academy, Givat Ram Campus, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – Conductor Uri Segal. Soloist Michael Bogustlvsky, piano. Works by Bach, Mozart, Stravinsky, Borodin. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Wednesday, Thursday)

PORTRAIT OF A COMPOSER – Andre Hajdu on Domenico Scarlatti. (Zionist Confederation House, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

DUOTONE – Shimon Abelovich, violin; Zanava Simon, piano. Works by Handel, Dvorak, Villa-Lobos, Bliznik-Korsakov (Ramat Hasharon, Yad Lebanim, tonight at 10 p.m.)

MORNING CONCERT – Yoram Livne, violin; Irit Livne, viola; Peter Mark, contrabass; Gabi Blauner, cello. Works by Beethoven, Rossini. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

BACH EVENING – Yocheved Schwartz, harpsichord; Vera Weidman, violin (Jaffa, Immanuel Church, tomorrow)

PIANO RECITAL – Natasha Tadson. Works by Schubert, Hindemith, Alkan, Chopin. (T.A. Museum, tomorrow)

CELLO CONCERT – Dudu Sela and friends. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (T.A. Museum, Sunday, Monday, Thursday)

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE – Fully-staged production of Rossini's opera. With leading Italian opera singers. (Mann, Monday at 8:45 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Kfar Sava, Hechal Hatarbut, Tuesday)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA – Conductor Samuel Lewis. Soloist Assia Davidov, soprano. Works by Rezaicek, Schubert, Mozart, Suppé, Strauss. (Wingate, Herzbtritt Auditorium, Tuesday)

THE JERUSALEM STRING QUARTET – Works by Mozart, Tzur, Shostakovitch, Brahms. (T.A. Museum, Tuesday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (Mann, Sunday, Tuesday through Thursday)

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – Conductor Kurt Rezel (Germany). Soloist Riki Sperber, piano. Works by Beethoven, Debussy, Mozart. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL – Yair Klein and Victor Derevianko. Works by Beethoven, Schumann, Ravel, Shostakovitch. (Technion, Churchill Hall, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday)

Beersheba

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Conservatory, tomorrow, Monday, Thursday)

Others

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE – See T.A. (Bin Gev, Kinarot, tonight at 9 p.m.; Yagur, Tuesday)

CHAMBER MUSIC – Piano, flute, soprano, contrabass. Works by Bach, Telemann, Paganini, Copland and others. (Bin Hod, Beit Gertrud, tomorrow at 6:30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Ashkelon, Yad Lebanim, Wednesday)

THEATRE

Henrik Ibsen's play, 'Little Eyolf,' opens at the Khan Theatre, Jerusalem, Thursday.

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

"ELEF ESTER" – Jerusalem Theatre Company production. Life reflected through the eyes of Queen Esther. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF – By Henrik Ibsen. Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS – By Hanan Yavin. A presentation of our political dilemmas. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

AFTER THE ANNUAL BALL – By Amalia Kahana-Karmon. A passionate love affair between a 40-year-old man and an 18-year-old woman. (Jaffa, Third Floor, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

AUTUMN GAMES – By Omri Yavin. About the actor and his theatrical illusions. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight, tomorrow at 10:30 p.m.)

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – By the Nissan Netly Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

BOAZ'S HORRIBLE DAYS – A surreal adaptation of the A.B. Yehoshua play. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight)

CHEKHOV, CHEKHOVA – Habimah Theatre production. The love story of Anton Chekhov and his wife – through their correspondence. (Habimah, Habimah II, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Sunday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT – By Anton Chekhov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A selection from his early stories. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

EXTREMITIES – Beit Leissin production. A thriller about the struggle between a man and three women. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE FALL – By Albert Camus. Hasimtah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" – Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasafri. (Tzavta, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER – By Jean Chambers. A group of lesbians hold an annual gathering. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE LITTLE MATCHSELLER – Adaptation of the story by Andersen. Plus Marit Ben-Israel in a one-man show. (Hayarkon Park, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Yonathan Geffen. Songs, monologues, improvizations – about confessions at bars. Plus performance by Alon Olearchik. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OUT! – By Danny Horowitz. A theatrical meeting about the distress of refugees. (Neve Zedek, Monday at 9 p.m.)

SARAH – A STUBBORN WOMAN – By Avner Ben-Amos. A parody. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11:30 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA – By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

AFTER THE ANNUAL BALL – See T.A. (Kiryat Haim, Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO – By Yosef Mundy. A look at contemporary Israeli society. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HYMNOS – By Hungarian playwright Georg Shwajda. Heavy drama about a simple couple brutalized by hard work and drink. Acre Festival 1986, First Prize. (Wadi Salib, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS – Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Ruth Segal in a one-woman show – excerpts about a woman who has lost her memory, and her identity. (Haifa Theatre Club, tomorrow through Thursday at 9 p.m.)

Beersheba

EXTREMITIES – See T.A. (Beersheba Theatre, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

HELLO AND GOODBYE – By South African writer Athol Fugard. How oppressed people try to hold on to life. (Afula, Hechal Hatarbut, Sunday, Monday at 9 p.m.; Ashkelon, Community Centre, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

WHEN SHE DANCES – By Martin Sherman. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A day in the life of dancer Isadora Duncan. (Acre, Auditorium, tomorrow through Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ANAT'S FAVOURITE STORIES – Animals' adventures in an imaginary land. (Gerard Behar, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE LAS VEGAS CIRCUS – (Binyenei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Sunday at 4:30 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE – Fable by the Window Puppet Theatre. (Train Theatre, Monday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY – (Train Theatre tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 4-6 (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – Ages 3-6. (Harmony House, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.; magic show, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FROM FLY TO ELEPHANT – Based on stories by A. Hillel. Ages 5-12 (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

KING MATT THE FIRST – Theatre by Habimah. About a boy's dreams. (Habimah, Rovina, Monday through Wednesday at 4 and 6:45 p.m.)

ONE OLD LADY – An old lady expresses her feelings. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 10:30 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY – Entertainment from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SONGS, SKITS, PLUS A ROBOT – Tzipi Shavit's new programme. (Givatayim, Shavit, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Herzliya, David, Sunday at 4 p.m.; Netanya, Sharon, Wednesday at 4 p.m)

THREE DROPS OF MAGIC – Ages 5-12. About two happy clowns. (Beit Ariela, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

TICKLISH TALES – Nonsense versions of fairy tales. Ages 8 and above. (Holon, Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE WITCH – A legend using shadows. (Hayarkon Park, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

CINDERELLA – Fully-staged production by the Israel Ballet. Choreography: Berna Yampolsky; Music: Prokofiev. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FIVE SCREAMS – By Tmu-Na Dance Theatre. Movement theatre. (Tzavta, Sunday, Monday at 9 p.m.)

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, November 28, 1986

The oil business

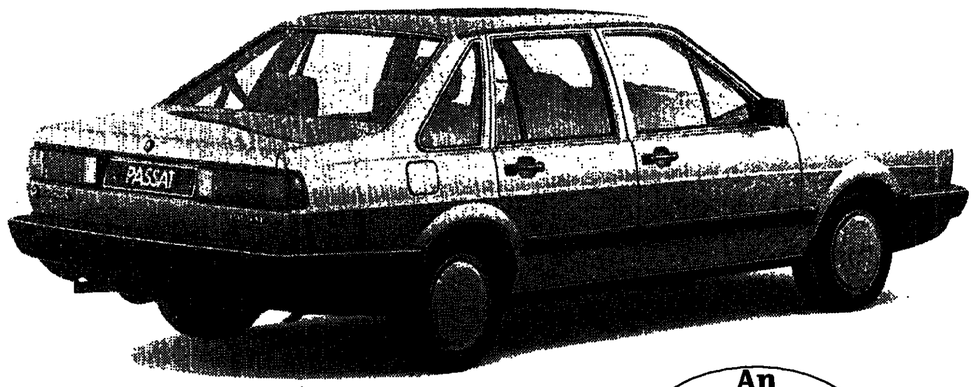
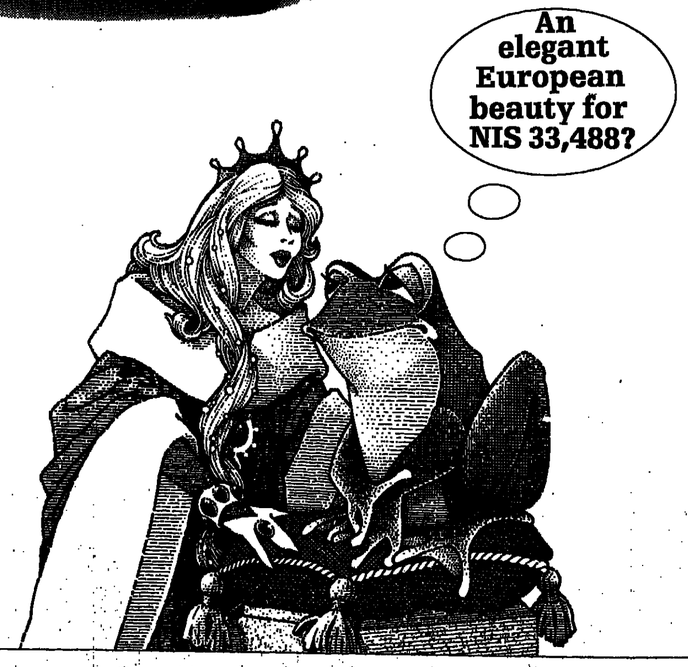


Photo: Passat Saloon GL

Volkswagen Audi exclusive: servicing only every 30,000 km. or one year (whichever is sooner). Oil changes as given in user's manual.



No Fairy Tale, my Friend, no Fairy Tale...

Volkswagen's top of the line model – the Passat 1.3 litre CL – costs only NIS 33,488, including VAT, not including deposit. This is no fairy tale. If you don't believe us, ask any Volkswagen dealer.

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And only the Passat is offered with such a variety of models: Passat Saloon, Sports, and Station. And there's a choice of 3 long-life engines: 1.3, 1.6 and 1.8 litres. The Passat comes with CL and GL finish. There is a rich range of colours, and a variety of luxurious options: from air conditioner and automatic transmission to electric windows and central door locking.

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Two single tickets to England (excluding taxes) courtesy of BRITISH AIRWAYS and a 5 day stay in a hotel with breakfast and tours in London - courtesy of the British Tourism Authority B.T.A. - to be raffled among shoppers in the "British Fair" in one of the branches of Shalom stores.
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Two piece suits

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ADMON

40%
30%
20%
10%
discounts

We are once again holding our annual pre-stocking sale.
We are offering items reduced by 10%, 20%, 30%, and 40%.

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1986

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■ CALLIGARIS (Italy), round walnut table, diameter 115cm. 40% discount. Was NIS 657, now only NIS **394**.

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■ LARS-2 available in beech, black or rosewood. 20% discount. Was NIS 1,083, now only NIS **866**.

■ SKOL- oval teak table, 160 × 105cm., extends to 260cm. 30% discount. Was NIS 1,276, now only NIS **893**.

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■ CS-173 (Calligaris, Italy), white chair. 10% discount. Was NIS 185, now only NIS **166**.

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■ FREDERICA, black chair with cane seat. 30% discount. Was NIS 242, now only NIS **169**

■ MALMO, oak or black chair with leather seat. 30% discount. Was NIS 214, now only NIS **150**.

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■ DOMINO (Denmark), teak wall units, **20%** discount.
Model 4000A: Was NIS 1,895, now only NIS **1,516**.
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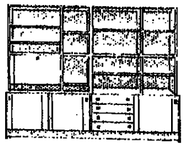

■ **40%** discount on all DOMINO (Denmark) pine wall units.

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Prices include VAT, delivery and assembly.

The sale opens at all Danish stores and warehouses at 7:00 on Saturday evening, November 29th, and continues for only 6 days.*

Opening hours:
Sunday, November 30th until Thursday, November 5th: 09:00 - 19:00 continuous; and on Friday, December 6th from 09:00 - 13:00 *or until the stocks are depleted

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DANISH

Head Office Ramat Gan: 104 Derech Jabotinsky. Tel Aviv: Kikar Hamedina, corner of Weizman St. Haifa: 35 Tchernichovsky St., Stella Maris, French Carmel. Jerusalem: 16 Shamai St., 4 Yad-Haruzim St. Kiryat Arieh: Petah Tikva, near Geha Junction entrance near Etz-Hazait, 18 Effal St. Beersheba: 4 Hevron St.

In this issue

6 **The oil business**
Lev Bearfield investigates the West Bank olive oil industry.

8 **Beating about the bush**
Alex Berlyne gets a surfeit of rhino and hippo in South Africa.

12 **O brave new world**
American Jewry is the focus of three Beth Hatefutsoth exhibits.

16 **Hail Caesar**
Sid Caesar's hale and hearty, S.T. Meravi discovers.

Another kind of liquid gold – see page 6. Cover: Richard Nowitz

17 **Marketing with Martha**
Martha Meisels is back from the U.S.

18 **The Art Scene**
Meir Ronnen

19 **Book reviews**

23 **The Fifth Column**
Matt Nesvisky
With Prejudice
Alex Berlyne

In the pullout

A **Lean pickings**
Fashion, by Greer Fay Cashman

C **Theatre**
Naomi Doudai

D **Dance**
Dora Sowden

E **Crosswords**

F **Travelling hopefully**
Mike Rogoff

G **TV and Radio**
Greer Fay Cashman

H **TV, radio schedule**

J **Musical notes**
Eli Karev
Bridge
Hanan Sher

K **Between Acts**
Liora Moriel

L **Matters of Taste**
Haim Shapiro

M **Cinema**
Dan Fainaru

O **Film Briefs**
Dan Fainaru

P **The Poster**

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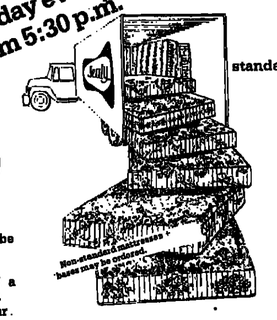
for reservations and further information, contact Rabbi Shaul Feinberg by December 9, at 02-232444.

mdS5-30123

It's Festival Time at The House of Dreams

Let's all celebrate – Tomorrow, Saturday evening, Nov. 29, 1986 from 5:30 p.m.



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mdS12-28-114

Keep Israel Beautiful

The oil business

For the West Bank olive growers, the only Arab oil worth having is their bright green variety. Jerusalem Post Reporter Lev Bearfield and photographer Richard Nowitz learn about the green and the gold.

IN A scenario that will sound unfamiliar to many Israelis, Keder Yassin left his West Bank village of Dur al-Kar a number of years back to seek financially greener and politically more placid pastures in California.

By all accounts he did well. Settling in the choice little Eden called Monterrey, he ran his own supermarket, acquired a home and a big American car, and eventually became a U.S. citizen. But no matter how verdant the life he made for himself, Keder Yassin says he always yearned for the green, green trees of home.

Those trees, about 40 of them, stand like sentinels before the house to which Keder Yassin finally returned recently and where he now lives with his two wives and most of his eight children. The big American automobile is garaged around back. The trees are out front, where they can easily be seen from the road. That's just the way Keder Yassin prefers it. For nothing in Keder Yassin's eyes comes before those

Golden oil flows.

two score gnarled *Olea europaea* with their metallic green leaves and their bitter little fruits.

"They grow olives in California," Yassin says. "Big ones, pretty ones. But they don't taste the same. In fact, they don't taste at all. And the olive oil – ah, it just isn't olive oil."

If Keder Yassin tends to wax rhapsodic about the olives on his land, he is only expressing the almost mystical affinity that many Palestinians profess to feel for the tree and its products. While to Jews the olive is one of seven blessed species of the Land of Israel, in the cosmology of the Arabs of the West Bank, the olive appears to stand by itself.

THE OLIVE is indeed by far the largest agricultural crop in the territories, with groves covering no fewer than 750,000 dunams (compared with about 150,000 dunams of olives in Israel proper). Although it does not figure on the Palestinian flag, the olive tree is almost as much a symbol of nationalism in the territories as the cedar is in Lebanon; few political posters or paintings by Palestinians,

Collecting the olives (left) *from the branches* (above).

for example, will fail to include olive trees or branches. This also helps to explain why Palestinian farmers get so exercised in disputes with Israeli authorities over ownership of olive groves, as occurred north of Jerusalem near Katanna at the beginning of this year.

West Bank olives and olive oil meanwhile are acclaimed throughout the Arab world as unparalleled for their taste and colour, green not incidentally being the emblematic colour of Islam. Offering that "unmistakable taste of home," the West Bank's olive oil is said to be especially prized by Palestinians living abroad, and via export to Jordan it finds eager buyers among the many expatriates working in the oil fields of Saudia Arabia, Kuwait and elsewhere in the Persian Gulf. Equally popular is the olive oil-based soap manufactured in Nablus.

As far as the local growers are concerned, the Gulf states can keep their petroleum: the only oil that counts for them is their bright green variety. The great bulk of olives and oil produced in both Israel and the territories is in fact consumed locally, often as not by the farmers themselves. If not the staff of life for Arabs, olive oil is a close second. For most, breakfast unvaryingly consists of a pita dipped in oil and spices, and many find that drinking a half a cup of olive oil in the morning gives the feeling of a full belly and enough calories to get through the day's work. For those who demand such information, olive oil has about the same amount of calories as other vegetable oils, but has a fairly high level of saturated fats, making it more cholesterolic than butter.

"This is a very good year for olives," Deputy Agriculture Minister Avraham Katz-Oz tells us, "and so maybe 15,000 tons of olive oil will be exported to Jordan, and from there to elsewhere in the Arab world. But that will be just a small portion of what's produced in Israel and the territories."

"Olives are a biennial crop," he continues. "That means you have a good year, and then a year where you get maybe only 25 per cent of the previous crop. So when the farmers harvest in a good year, they're concerned about laying up supplies to last them 24 months. In other words, their first worry is olives and oil for their own needs, not making money out of them.

"Olives in fact aren't a cash crop for the growers at all. When they take their olives to the presses, they pay the owner a percentage of their oil for his services. The press owner will then sell his portion of the oil to merchants for marketing. It's a system that probably goes back to antiquity, back to the days when, as archeologists have shown us, there were thousands of oil presses in this country, from the northernmost reaches of the Golan to far south into the Negev. And we know from Josephus that huge quantities of boiling oil were used in the war with the Romans. That was olive oil, so that says something about its abundance."

KATZ-OZ adds that until the last century, the Land of Israel was practically covered with olive trees, but then the Ottoman Turks decimated the groves to fuel their railway engines. Western Galilee and great tracts of Samaria, however, were largely spared this savagery. A few kibbutzim and moshavim maintain olive orchards and have experimented with varieties other than the local, or Syrian, tree, but most find it too labour-intensive to be profitable. Jewish producers do export some table olives, just to keep a hand in, but the crop remains largely an Arab concern. The Olive Marketing Board, located in Nazareth and headed by Azar Artul, concentrates on supplying local demand.

"The home market," Katz-Oz goes on, obviously enthusiastic about the subject, "would probably be happy to consume all the olives and oil that can be produced here. In the best of years, we might see 10,000 tons of oil from Israel and maybe 27,000 tons from the West Bank. But that's nothing compared to the 200,000 tons produced by Spain, plus Italy, Greece, Turkey and so on. In our weak harvest years, by the way, we authorize the import of olive oil from Spain.

"In addition, the local growers are subject to a market price set by the mass producers, like Spain, and in turn by the Jordanians, who determine how much oil from the territories they feel like buying. We have no control over that. In recent years, too, the nurseries, mainly around Hebron, have supplied some three million olive saplings to Jordan. That means that within another 10 or 15 years Jordan will be producing a good deal of olives itself. But the growers here aren't concerned that this will kill their own market. Their own market, you see, is themselves. They want that olive oil for their own tables."

That certainly seems to be the opinion of Keder Yassin as he and hundreds of other farmers in the West Bank are currently completing the annual harvest.

"My trees, in this good year, should yield me about 300 gallons of oil," he says with satisfaction. "The important thing now is to get everything picked before the olives go too soft and fall off the branches. It has to be done all in this two-month picking season. That's why the whole family helps from eight in the morning until dark.

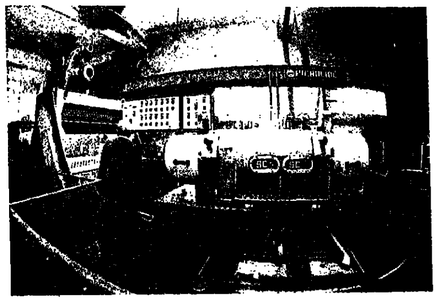
"I hire some people, too, and that costs a lot of dinars. But I won't have my olives knocked off the trees with a stick, like you see them doing in the fields. That only damages the trees, and you suffer for it the following year. No, here we pick by hand, very gently, and we trim the branches carefully, as you must."

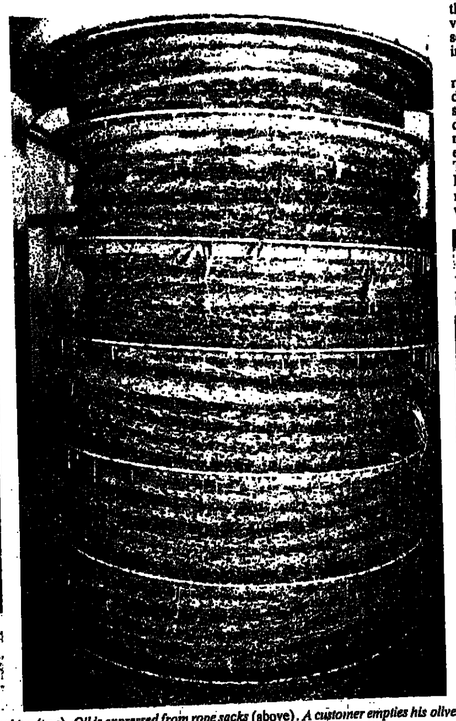
We quote the Agriculture Ministry as saying that within Israel, Arabs have increased their olive yields by nearly 20 per cent via irrigation and the introduction of the Manzanillo strain from Spain, but Yassin shrugs this off.

"Everyone knows our oil is the best," he says, "and that's because we don't interfere with the tree. Aside from helping her shed the extra leaves, that's all. It's natural. You see the blossoms in the spring, you see the olives in the fall, you take what she gives." He pauses to calculate again. "Yes, about 60 five-gallon tins. Three hundred gallons we'll have, *inshallah*, less what they take at the press. I understand they're taking 14 per cent this year."

WITH THE completion of the harvest – a frantic activity that can denude Israeli factories and hotels of Arab workers as thoroughly as those workers and their families denude the trees – each family will set aside a certain portion of the fruit for pickling as table olives. This is a long and complicated process that involves removal of the olives' natural bitterness by soaking them in a mild lye solution, washing them repeatedly with fresh water, and then storing them away in brine.

The majority of the olives however are packed into sacks and taken to the presses. There the farmers will wait in line, chatting and gossiping with neighbours with the same exuberant humour that they show during their long days in the orchards. Pressing day appears to be a jolly social occasion, culminating as it does the hectic harvest season and yielding that much-desired viridescent oil. In the expansive mood at the pressing wheel, it is understandable that parents often find it opportune to make matches between their offspring and those of their neighbours.





Modern machinery at Mazra esh-Sharkiya (top). *Oil is expressed from rope sacks* (above). *A customer empties his olives* (left). *Packing the oil mash* (right).

Several dozen oil presses dot the length of the West Bank, some of them antique; some of them modern. Keder Yassin says he usually takes his olives to the press at Bir Zeit. It is there that we find a raucous work crew busily labouring overtime to process the yield for 24 surrounding villages. Amid much shouting and banter with the farmers, the crew, under the watchful eye of owner Sami Suajeh, crush the harvest with a combination of ancient and, well, fairly recent technology.

The heart of Suajeh's operation is a 1937 Ruston and Hornsby diesel engine sprung from the dark satanic mills of Lincoln, England ("Sole importers," says the brass plate in Hebrew, English and Arabic, "Sinlaver and Sugarman of Jaffa"). As the old engine grumps and thumps, a system of belts turns a pair of massive crushing wheels in an iron vat. A worker pours olives into the vat, where they are promptly ground to an oily pulp. Through a sliding door near the bottom of the vat, another worker periodically uses his hands to scoop out the brown sludge. He then transfers the pulp by a small tin pail to a series of curious woven baskets.

These baskets, shaped roughly like small automobile tires, are handled by a third worker, who packs each one tightly around the inner rim with the crushed olives. When the basket is filled, it is lifted up and fitted over a thick steel spindle. Forty of these baskets, interleaved here and there with steel plates for added weight, fill a spindle like so many records on a phonograph's automatic changer. Next the spindle with its oozing load is trundled on a dolly to an extractor, where pressure is applied from the top so that the oil will be squashed out the bottom. Caught in a collecting pan at the base of the extractor, the oil is then pumped into a small vat, spray-cleaned with water, passed through a separator and filtered into cans or drums.

The exhausted baskets are then removed and scraped clean of their dross, which now resembles nothing so much as cow-pats. Indeed, like dried animal dung, this material makes an excellent peat-like fuel, especially as it is still redolent of oil. The empty baskets are now sailed Frisbee-style back at the packer for refilling. On the landing above the vat, meanwhile, other employees are weighing in the next farmer's crop.

The entire operation appears efficient if not overly sophisticated, and satisfactory to the client if not excessively hygienic to the fastidious observer from the city. Sami Suajeh nevertheless is proud of his operation; and especially of his faithful old diesel engine, which incidentally he adapts for the grinding of grain when the olive harvest is over.

MORE modern olive presses are located a few kilometres north of Bir Zeit at Mazra esh-Sharkiya and Bin Sinye. In the mountaintop village of Mazra esh-Sharkiya, for example, owner Mustafa Fabal is pleased to show us the automated crushing equipment that he imported from Italy seven years ago. Here the olives are carried from the collection bins by conveyor belt to a trough where they are churned to a pulp by screw-driven blades. The process is reminiscent of a tractor-powered cultivator grinding through soil. The oil is then pressed from the mash, run through a water bath for purification, separated and pumped into tins – all, as they say, untouched by human hands.

But the process again is not without its human dimension. As farmers stack their sacks of olives at the loading dock and join the waiting line with their women and children, much good-natured conversation is in evidence. One matron in a bosomy Beduin dress makes loud noises in protest against the presence of the press photographer. But this is mere demonstration of principle. That established, she promptly forgets the cameras and with much laughter is soon herding her husband up onto the scale for what is probably his annual weigh-in.

At the other end of the long concrete building, Mohammed Jalladad, a young man from Hebron who says he works for the private Agricultural Relief Committee of Palestine, is busy collecting oil samples in small corked vials.

"My organization is doing the first scientific study of the subject," says Jalladad, who recently earned a degree in science at the University of Amman. "So I've been travelling up and down the country, from one plant to another. There are considerable differences in the oils from place to place. Soil is one factor, processing another. Also how soon the grower gets his olives to the press. The old grinding process, for example, leaves more acidity in the oil. But of course many people like that slightly bitter taste. Hebron oil is usually heavier than oil north of Ramallah – again, the taste is different."

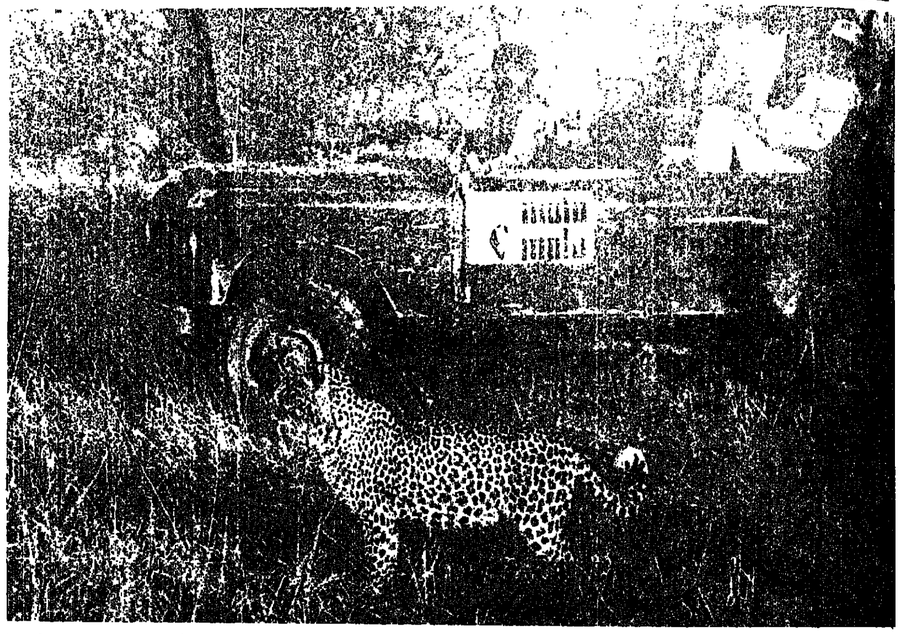
Jalladad says his objective is to determine which factors will lead to the best oil, the best yield and the best price for the grower.

Yet at both the old and the new presses, the farmers were either reluctant to discuss the economics of olives or professed disinterest in the subject. One villager maintained that the matter was out of their hands, as Israel and Jordan together manipulated the market to their own ends. Another added darkly that King Hussein was seeing to it that his growers were faring better than those in the territories. These views won grunted endorsement from bystanders, but no debate ensued; interest remained fixed on the oil itself as it rushed from the press to fill tin after tin.

"Our gold," says Keder Yassin. "Our good oil. Our gold." □

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH

Alex Berlyne gets a surfeit of rhino and hippo on safari in South Africa



DID I EVER tell you how I tracked a lion through Darkest Rassco?

More than 20 years ago, I was sitting in the No. 22 bus, waiting for it to fill up at the Rassco's terminal in Jerusalem, when a Hungarian I knew addressed me.

"Kerpethegész?"

"En nem beszélek Magyarul."

"Kerpethegész! Kerpethegész!"

"I told you," I answered crossly, "I don't understand Hungarian."

"It's not Hungarian," he said despairingly. "It's a book. Harold Robbins. You should read it."

The penny dropped. *The Carpetbaggers!* Of course. The reason it had taken me so long to catch on was that I had been distracted and more than a little puzzled: somewhere, not too far away, I could hear the unmistakable, deep, coughing roar of a lion providing the counterpoint to this loony conversation. I made my excuses and left the bus.

Out of childhood, into manhood,
Now had grown your correspondent,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men.

Following the hackle-raising chesty roars, I eventually tracked them down to the flat where our own, our very own D'vora Ben Shaul lived, and found her engaged in light housekeeping with two young lions and a half-grown wolf. She was rearing this small menagerie by hand for the Jerusalem Biblical Zoo.

In the absence of his real mother, one of the cubs became fixated on D'vora's Friedman stove; when he was fully grown, Yoram Friedman was swapped for another animal and ended up in the Marquess of Bath's Safari Park. Not bad, eh? From Russco to Longleat, one of England's stateliest homes. D'vora must have been quietly proud.

IN THE YEARS that followed, most of my hunting was restricted to unsuccessful experiments with flypapers and mousetraps; So when I was given the opportunity to fly to the MalaMala Game Reserve I jumped at the chance.

As an added bonus, we flew in a Fokker F27, so I could fantasize about being the Red Baron, constantly on the alert for Spads and Sopwith Camels, on the 60-minute flight from Johannesburg to Phalaborwa.

During the half-hour stopover at this tiny airport on the edge of the Kruger National Park, not far south of "the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees," I found things pleasantly informal. Passengers lazed about on the lawn outside the building and a sign on the Gents announced "Key available at Air Traffic Control."

Another 20-minute flight took us to Skukuza, with its delightful thatched-roof terminal, where a Landrover was waiting to take us on a 45-minute, bone-rattling drive through the bush to MalaMala.

On the way to the camp, we glimpsed the lonely grave of a white settler, killed over half a century ago by a lion. Was it a man-eater, we wanted to know? The ranger driving the Landrover scoffed at the idea. All lions are man-eaters, he said, once they realize that two-legged prey is slower than their usual four-legged diet.

Not far away, at the Skukuza Rest Camp, you can see the skin of a lion and the knife that Harry Wolhuter, the Kruger National Park's first game ranger, employed to kill it. Next morning we came across a pride of lions, and once again I was surprised by their size and power. Fighting one with a knife must be something like defending yourself against a hungry express train.

IN THE TWENTIES and Thirties, the 100,000 acres of the MalaMala reserve had been devoted to ranching; but, one after another, the owners had given up as the cattle succumbed to lions, leopards, and tsetse fly.

Long before we reached the camp itself, we saw several kinds of game. A giraffe, which I estimated to be at least six metres high, stopped to scrutinize us while we gazed back at him. Cameras were produced, and giving it 1/125 at f22 I got the usual colour picture of my thumb.

"It's an old male," the ranger told us. "They are always darker in colour." Like Ronald Reagan, I thought, though the eyelashes were disconcertingly like Liza Minelli's.

Satisfied with his inspection, the giraffe resumed munching the leaves and topmost twigs of the tree, the sort of high-fibre diet that is highly recommended nowadays, though judging by the way old Ron tucked in, he clearly considered it to be *haute cuisine*.

Within minutes we passed a herd of Blue Wildebeest, looking like a badly-executed transplant, with a buffalo head on a race-horse's body. Several zebras were scattered through the herd, providing the sort of pictorial contrast that the *National Geographic* magazine dotes on. Two minutes further on, a Vervet monkey heard us coming and scampered up the trunk of a tall tree. From there it watched us curiously, its small, black face surrounded by a halo of silver fur looking for all the world like Rex Ingram playing "De Lawd" in *Green Pastures*.

A herd of wart-hogs was alarmed by the noise of the Landrover changing gear as it tackled a steep bank. Some backed quickly into deep holes, only their disproportionately large heads, bristling with tusks, showing. The rest ran ahead of us and I made the interesting discovery that these animals, ugly as sin when they run towards you, are ridiculously shapely when seen from behind, their little hams wiggling just like Marilyn Monroe walking along the station platform in *Some Like It Hot*. I wouldn't like to tackle the rhinos, lions or elephants that roam the reserve, but give me a Magnum .357 bacon-slicer and I believe I'd be a match for a wart-hog any day.

Much the mighty Alexberlyne,
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage.

MALAMALA, the "top safari lodge of the world," according to *Hideaway Report*, is a village of green lawns, blazing bougainvillea and conical, thatched bungalows. The living quarters, are spacious and beautifully appointed, with His-and-Her bathrooms. I even noted that someone had thoughtfully hung a pair of umbrellas near the door.

Guests are called to lunch by a few blasts on a Kudu horn, so surprisingly like a *tekta* that I immediately felt homesick. Dinner, on the other hand, is announced by a frenzied drumming of the type, familiar from uncountable B-movies, that signals, "The Natives are Restless Tonight."

For some reason, this reminded me of Belle Vue, Manchester, where the "Terrible Turks" and "Mongolian Masked Menaces" who threw each other about in careless abandon during the all-in wrestling bouts were, in fact, local lads trying to make a few bob on the side. Everybody knew them. One of them was even an acquaintance of mine who manufactured ladies' handbags during the day and mimed mayhem at night, while his wife, Elsie, encouraged him from the front row with cries of, "Chew 'is ear off, Frank!" or "Kick 'im in the sweetbreads, dear!" Nobody was fooled for a moment that these musclebound "savages" were imported from the remote corners of the globe and the dodge frequently gave rise to the wry observation that, "The Wrestlers are Native Tonight."

The evening meal at MalaMala is taken in the *boma*, an enclosure of tall brushwood built around a huge tree. Four statuesque Shangaan women in floor-length red robes stood by a camp-fire and despite the resemblance to a scene from *King Solomon's Mines*, they made a very impressive tableau.

We had already been assigned a personal game ranger, Lawrence Watson, who made an appearance at dinner to read the menu to us, helped us to choose a white Riesling from the wine list (I thought of ordering "half a giraffe"), provided us with agreeable conversation, and generally made himself indispensable.

In the morning, he was to give us a wake-up call and send over tea and biscuits to the room. As we got to know Lawrence better, we discovered that he had a master's degree in zoology and was working at MalaMala as a combination Jeeves and Great White Hunter before going on to finish his doctorate.

TWICE A DAY we set off with Lawrence and Jim Mdlope, a black tracker, in the open Landrover, a Winchester Magnum .375 strapped to the dashboard, and bounced across country after game. This was quite literally cross-country, the sturdy Landrover knocking down small trees in a way that, as an Israeli, I found most distressing, until the ranger told me that he did it quite deliberately. After a period of bad management during the Thirties, the whole ecological system had been ruined and the open bushveld, the natural habitat of much of the wildlife, had become badly overgrown with scrub.

The countryside, despite the Landrovers crashing through, is still a tangle of ironwood, thorn trees, ebony and mahogany, with here and there hills and rocky outcrops rising above the bush. Huge termite mounds have sprung up everywhere, some of them containing fungus "farms" that have been planted and are harvested by the insects.

Occasionally, the countryside does open up to give a glimpse of its original vegetation. At times, the flat umbrella-shapes of the acacia, the most typically African of trees, reminded me – as they did Karen Blixen – of "full-rigged ships with their sails furled." Down by the shallow waters of the Sand River there are groves of bamboo and thickets of bulrushes where hippos and elephants feed.

Cecil Rhodes, when he wasn't up to some political or financial skulduggery, liked to spend time on the veld, "Alone with the Alone." Jan Smuts insisted that nowhere else was the mysterious presence of Africa felt more deeply. The veld, he said "is where a subtle spirit, much older than the human spirit, grips you and subdues you and makes you one with itself."

This is the Africa of derring-do and sultry romance where Hemingway types stalked the great concentrations of Big Game, providing countless trophies for the "dens," drawing rooms and boudoirs of silent movie-stars and best-selling novelists.

Would you like to sin on a tiger
skin
With Elinor Glynn
Or err with her
On some other fur?

The white hunters were themselves in peril, not only from the predators but from hunger, thirst and the ravages of the tsetse fly and the malaria-carrying mosquito. We did it in style, apart from the Landrover's propensity for shaking my back collar-stud loose as it forded rivers and crashed across deep ruts or induced vertigo as it shot down steep cliffs and collided head-on with what I would consider an immovable fair-sized tree, and uprooted it.

Every evening we stopped for sundowners, ice-cool drinks stowed away by the resourceful tracker, who would somehow produce hot impala kebab, impaled on toothpicks, from the same box. Impala, bushbuck, klipspringer, kudu and wildebeest abound. Well, the impala do most of the bounding, actually; they are absolutely exquisite creatures designed by a master draughtsman. I hadn't the heart to eat them.

THE RANGER and the tracker spoke Fanakólo, the *lingua franca* of the mines, as we criss-crossed the veld. Jim spoke no English and Lawrence didn't have much Shangaan.

If you consider that a lion is *n'shumba* in Shangaan, *shumba* in *isiHwane* in Ndebele, Shona, *isilwane* in Zulu, *tau* in Sotho and *nyonyama* in Zulu, *tau* in Sotho and Tswana, *undavu* in Yei, and *ndau* in Venda, you'll realize that Fanakolo comes in very handy, if you are not to have a leg chewed off while trying to communicate.

There are over 130 species of mammals in the vicinity of MalaMala, 48 fish, 114 reptiles and 468 birds, including the ever-present vultures; the curious hornbill, which is beautiful in flight and a sort of Schnuzzle Durante on the ground; lilac-breasted rollers, which are as unlike Cockney sparrers as they sound; and innumerable brilliant, iridescent-blue Cape starlings, a flash of colour as breath-taking as a kingfisher. It would seem that on the fourth day of creation, the paint-pot was used unstintingly.

OUR RANGER was in touch with the other Landrovers by radio, trying to pinpoint a group of elephants that had been seen near the river earlier in the morning. I couldn't help thinking of the schoolgirl's answer to the question, "Where are elephants found?"

"Elephants," she answered, "are very large and intelligent animals and are seldom lost."

Eventually, Jim made a sound between a whistle and a burble and pointed across the river. Under the trees higher up the bank we saw a couple of elephants eating clumps of leaves, one in profile showing a flash of white tusk and looking as if he were posing for a medal.

We made a long detour, noting at frequent intervals the uprooted trees, some stripped of bark, that showed the route by which the elephants had come, and eventually forded the river upwind of them, backing in reverse gear to within a few yards. This is standard practice with elephants, greatly respected for their uncertain tempers, but blessed, I was relieved to know, with equally uncertain eyesight.

The danger signs are a rocking motion, swinging one foot to and fro, or shaking the head with a loud slapping of the huge ears. By the time the elephant trumpets the charge, a noise which sounds, according to one description, like "an orchestra of outraged demons," it could be too late to avoid 7,000 kg. rolling over you.

Fortunately, all the noise they made during our inspection was the crunching of the seed-pods from the acacia trees, which they seemed to swallow thorns and all, showing us their Charlie Chaplin back-legs as they slowly moved up the slope.

When people call this beast to
mind,
They marvel more and more
At such a little tail behind,
So large a trunk before.

Elephant hair from the tail – what there is of it – is made into bracelets which are found in curio shops and are popular with tourists. Another souvenir, a glass paperweight, contains a clump of vegetable fibres that look at first glance like Gallagher's Honeydew. This is inscribed "Genuine S. African Elephant Bullshit" and seems an apt comment on a good deal that is written and said about the country.

I was becoming increasingly alarmed as the ranger kept backing the jeep to within four or five metres of the huge pachyderms, assuring us that he could move faster than their 40 kph top speed and that we were downwind of them.

What the hell was I doing there, I wondered, without so much as a bun? After all, I'm not really an outdoor type – don't let the Tenderfoot Badge or my familiarity with Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys* fool you. Mind you, I'm not anywhere near as bad as my friend Jed, who used to get in a panic at the sight of a blade of grass.

On one occasion in the Forties, when a group of us arranged to meet at Glossop to walk through the Peak District, Jed turned up in a taxi. He left his rucksack in it and started off with us through the mountains of Castleton, the taxi trundling an embarrassing 10 metres behind; but as soon as we lost sight of the roofs of Glossop, Jed hopped back inside.

THERE'S ONLY ONE way to avoid an enraged elephant, I learned, and that is to roll in the droppings to disguise your scent. When fresh, it is a rather attractive olive in colour and is reputed to have a pleasant smell. An experienced tracker thrusts his hand into the centre of a pile, to feel if it is warm, and also studies the colour, which lightens after about five or six hours.

An adult bull elephant consumes up to 270 kg of fodder daily and, in consequence, excretes copiously and at frequent intervals. Sitting practically under the tail of one, I expected to be covered in droppings at any moment, but derived some melancholy satisfaction from the knowledge that the elephant would be less likely to spot me afterwards.

I've only mentioned this delicate topic because identifying the type and age of animal droppings, together with the spoor or pugmarks, is an essential part of tracking. Every so often during the day, the ranger and the tracker would get out of the Landrover, not forgetting to take the rifle, and comb the area. Then we'd be off again, until a fresh pile of dung confirmed that we were on the right track. After a while, we were able to recognize the purple-brown droppings of buffalo; the midden that a rhinoceros creates by always returning to the same corner of his territory; the rolled-in pellets of the wildebeest, or the scattered ones that giraffes drop from their great height.

Lion dung, containing a great amount of its prey's blood, is usually black and strong-smelling and often contains bundles of porcupine quills. No wonder lions roar so much. Who wouldn't?

G.W. STONIER once described some of the species of visitors found on game reserves and included the common-or-garden Wild Liar, the Flaming Liar and the Crashing Bore, the deadliest of all ("Zebras," he chortles, "aren't they cute? Just like horses in pyjamas.")

It's no use trying to escape; a wounded Bore has been known to follow its prey for days or weeks.

The commonest, is the Wild Liar, who cannot resist capping any story, very much in the manner of some of our boastful, dyed-haired politicians or Longfellow's Iagoo:

Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

At one point, I thought I'd come across a pair of Iagoos. One morning, as we were preparing to leave our room, a group of fairly large water-buck bounded past the window, the male boasting an impressive pair of curved horns. At breakfast, we mentioned them to a Chinese couple but they were unimpressed. A pair of elephants, they hastened to tell us, had wandered past *their* room, on the other side of the compound.

This turned out to be perfectly true, but was not half as impressive as the story of the ranger at Harry's Camp, a few kilometres away, who came face to face with three lions as he went round a corner to wake up some guests. Both the ranger and the lions, apparently, had a terrible fright and shot off in the direction they'd come from.

THE CHINESE couple spoke with strong Afrikaner accents, even though the husband had, in fact, been born in Canton. He was a bookie from Johannesburg and, while rather reticent when I asked what he fancied for the 2.30 at Turffontein, was prepared to discuss the current Emergency.

"Change is inevitable," he maintained. "The blacks are going to take over. After all, Angola went and Mozambique went. It may go peacefully, it may not. In my opinion, it's only the inter-tribal rivalries that have enabled the government to survive this long."

I asked about their experiences as Asians living under apartheid.

"There are only a few thousand Chinese," he explained, "and precisely because the size of the community posed no threat to the regime we were accepted. Until two years ago, however, we required a permit to live in town.

"What made everyone feel insecure was the Ministry of Interior's endless reclassification of people. Whites would be downgraded to Cape Coloured, for example, Indians or Chinese would suddenly become Whites, and some Coloureds would be told they were now Chinese."

I hadn't heard anything like it since Philip Gillon's heroic struggle to get the TV people to abandon black-and-white in favour of coloured transmissions. It was all very confusing.

Trying to follow the lunatic aberrations of the *Population Registration Act* only reminded me of Billy Bennett's famous monologue, known somewhat euphemistically as *In the Street of a Thousand Keyholes*, though where I come from, a different kind of aperture was commemorated. I used to think Billy's epic poem was preposterous, but then I'd never been conversant with South Africa's race laws.

Billy's protagonist, you may remember, was a Chinese barkeeper whose beautiful daughter was the apple of his eye:

His daughter's name is Wong
Wong
And she sure is yellow all right
Her boyfriend belongs to the Royal
Marines
But two Wongs don't make a
white.

I was glad to learn that things have improved considerably in the last two years. For one thing, the government has dumped the *Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act*, and South Africans may now marry anyone they please.

Even the ads for "escorts" in the papers, promising "different treatments" and "relaxing body massage," openly flout the old bans. The *Brazilia*, for example, runs an ad that is surrounded by hearts, rather like an ace card, proudly describing itself as the "All-race Escort Agency."

One of the ads in the black newspaper showed how fuddled the *Population Registration Act* has made South Africans, even though it is now a thing of the past: a firm offered an "Interesting career for ex-black nursing sisters/teachers."

MALAMALA, to put it simply, is the experience of a lifetime; it is one of the earth's few remaining wild places where you can still feel part of the natural order of things, even if only to imagine yourself serving as a snack for a pride of lions.

The neighbouring Kruger National Park, roughly the size of Israel, is more organized and subject to more regulations. Visitors must keep to the roads, unlike MalaMala and the other adjoining private reserves, and this somewhat limits the possibilities. I never got used to the fact that

(Continued on page 10)

THE BUSH

(Continued from page 9)

the animals were quite accustomed to the Landrovers and even took advantage of their bulk to hide themselves from their prey.

I only felt terribly vulnerable, parked two or three yards from an enormous lion in an open vehicle and forbidden to make any sudden movements, so close in fact that I could see the curved patterns the fur made over its eyes.

It is a curiously refreshing and exhilarating experience yet, at the same time, as soothing as handling a pe· which, recent research tells us slows our pulse rate and helps us to relax.

Mankind and the fauna of the game reserves are also mutually dependent; contact with nature restores us and guards our sanity, while the game is dependent on us for its survival. The reserves need careful management of the ecosystem and this is made possible by controlled tourism, which provides the necessary income with minimal interference.

THE AIM of a visit to MalaMala is to track, and photograph, the Big Five – lion, leopard, elephant, Cape buffalo and rhino, plus any other game that comes your way. If you are bloody-minded enought to want to shoot them and stuff them, you will have to go elsewhere and pay $320 a day for the services of a professional hunter, plus a game fee of, say, $2,000 for murdering a leopard or a buffalo.

The minimum for a shooting safari in Botswana, for example, is seven days. Trophy fees, packing, disinfecting and shipping, the hire of rifles and ammunition, as well as tips to the staff and the trackers, come extra.

What you end up with is one of those ridiculous disembodied heads – the trophies that cartoonists love to draw in *Punch* and the *New Yorker* – and serve you bloody well right.

LAWRENCE WATSON wouldn't dream of shooting animals, except when some species has to be culled to ensure its survival. "Whatever happens in the future," he said, "I want to go on working in the bush with the animals. I love Africa and can't imagine living anywhere else. It looks as if there will be a black government in power eventually. I just hope I'll be able to go on doing the sort of job I want to do."

The ranger's uncertainty about the future is shared by many white South Africans. You can't help sympathizing with white liberals like Lawrence, who are treated by the world's media as recently-arrived settlers.

"It is not really a colonial population, because the European civilization that dominates it is itself indigenous," Donald R. Morris wrote in *The Washing of the Spears*. "Indeed, in the most developed part of the country, the European population was present for almost a century and a half before it even encountered the dominant element of the native population."

It is clear that Lawrence not only enjoys living with Big Game but also delights in the opportunity he has for showing the animals to visitors. One evening, we followed a leopard and her grown cubs as she taught them to hunt. It was eerie to watch her in the beam of the tracker's spotlight, playing her role, as any actress would, without acknowledging the presence of an audience.

Suddenly, there was a burst of terrible shugals and terrifying snarls as the leopard cornered a wart-hog

in a clump of brush on top of a small mound and tried to drive it towards the waiting cubs.

We sat and watched, the ranger behaving like the owner of a Derby winner, exuding both pleasure and pride. I was even more pleased when the cubs missed their opportunity and the wart-hog lived to tell the tale.

Watching a leopard stalking its prey, Lawrence told us, was a fairly rare experience. They are nocturnal animals, resting up during the day, and are especially partial to baboons, venturing to the topmost branches of a tree in order to corner one – so there's not much opportunity to observe the chase, especially at night.

The baboons sleep in large trees or on the ledges of mountain slopes. During the day, they exploit the nervousness of antelopes for additional protection, letting them act as sentinels who will sound the alarms at the approach of danger.

ON THE DRIVE back to camp under the Southern Cross, we occasionally saw pairs of eyes gleaming in the light of the headlamps, for all the world like a Disney cartoon. Occasionally, a startled impala would break into the spotlight, show its white scut and vanish into the shadows. Size isn't important: I was just as delighted when a scrub hare appeared in the beam, lying flat with its ears along its back, then suddenly darted up and bounded ahead of us.

THOUGH THE rhino is reputed to be one of the most dangerous animals, the first one we came across early one morning moved shyly behind a thorn bush and peeped out at us coyly. When alarmed, however, the rhinoceros can be very aggressive, 1,000 kilos of pure malice charging with its tail held erect and its head low, ready to toss you into Kingdom Come.

The second rhino we encountered seemed to be about to do just that, running at top speed towards us like a beserk prehistoric Armoured Personnel Carrier, and then veering suddently away – to my indescribable relief:

Farewell you old rhinoceros
I'll stare at something less preposterous.

It's hardly surprising that rhinos get easily vexed. I'd be cross, too, if thousands of millions of Chinese prized a portion of my anatomy and would pay handsomely to deprive me of it. While we were in South Africa, a Natal furrier was fined for attempting to sell 17 white rhino horns to a Chinese diplomat. What drew my attention to the case was that the accused, Christopher Bull, was described as "a member of the Wildlife Society."

Cape buffalo are reputed to be equally unpredictable and dangerous; but when we came across a fairly large herd, the bulls just stared at us disdainfully from under the huge horn boss that gives them their remarkably low foreheads, and went on chewing the cud.

Red-billed oxpeckers stood on their backs or hung from their ears, busily cleaning them of ticks. A huge old bull lying four or five yards away from us was quite unperturbed when the bird pecked away at the inner corner of his eyes – making me blink in sympathy – but shook it away impatiently when it went too far inside one of its enormous nostrils.

I WAS surprised to learn that hippos can be very dangerous, especially if you get between them and the water while they're feeding on land. Hippos always look so jolly to me, apart from their indifferent dental arrangements, and I had felt like offering them buns – or fishcakes – as we watched them blowing spumes of spray in the river.

After learning how lethal they could be, I determined never to get between a hippo and the river if I could possibly help it and to place no reliance whatsoever on Belloc's advice:

I shoot the hippopotamus-
with bullets made of platinum,
Because if I used leaden ones
his hide would only flatten'em.

AFTER ALL THIS BULK, I felt surfeited with buffalo, rhino and hippo – doesn't it sound like an undiscovered troupe of Marx Brothers? – and was especially appreciative when we came across a cheetah in a fairly open area of bushveld. Unhurriedly, he got up from where he had been lying in the shade of a large tree and walked away from us gracefully.

I felt more secure with a cheetah, the sort of animal that poses easily with the models for colour spreads in *Vogue*, and chirps rather than roars. We followed him for a while but he lost us in the thick scrub.

The cheetah's leisurely pace gave no indication of the terrific bursts of speed the animal is capable of, which are familiar to all viewers of TV documentaries on wildlife.

I have to confess I never like that bit at the end when the cheetah knocks the hind legs from under the deer and bowls his prey over, rather like a centre forward tripping up another player.

THE HIGHLIGHT of the safari, as far as I was concerned, was watching a pride of lions lazing around in the long grass, exhibiting all the characteristics of domestic cats: licking themselves, stretching luxuriantly, showing their fangs and wrinkling their noses when pestered by the cubs, flopping suddenly on their sides and squeezing their eyes open and shut in that sleepy, feline way.

I once tried to hold Mickey, our official mouser, while the vet gave him an injection and was astounded at the latent power in that small body, which suddenly became a furious handful of pure muscle.

A grown lion, it is well to remember, is 230 kilos of uncertain temperament. In the Sixties, a friend of mine named Yehuda gave a course for some senior officials in Addis Ababa and was eventually awarded some distinguished order by Emperor Haile Selassie. This diminutive monarch proudly described himself, among his other titles, as the Lion of Judah, a reference to the Queen of Sheba's housekeeping arrangements with Solomon, and kept some lions around the court to make his point.

As Yehuda left the royal presence following the investiture, walking backwards and bowing in the prescribed manner, he accidentally trod on the tail of one of the chained lions, and all hell broke loose. Apparently this was by no means uncommon, and a bevy of handlers who'd had plenty of practice eventually managed to subdue the understandably indignant animal.

Lions normally rest during the day and hunt only at night, but the pride we encountered must have failed to kill their prey the previous night, and suddenly became aware of a mixed group of wildebeest, zebra and giraffe that we'd passed down the track.

One lioness suddenly sat bolt upright, looking for all the world like a Staffordshire pottery cat on a mantelpiece, and gazed fixedly at them. One by one, the rest of the pride followed her and, when they'd taken up positions in the scrub on our side of the track, she suddenly veered across the front of the Landrover, and round the other side, passing so close that we could have stroked her and, incidentally, giving me an accurate idea of her surprising height.

The lioness made a wide circle behind her companions, who cooperated intelligently by concealing themselves in what was clearly an ambush.

Suddenly, the prey caught her scent or were disturbed in some manner, for a mass of wildebeest, zebras and giraffes came boiling over the track and took off at a tangent to the carefully-laid ambush. The hunt was up and all the protagonists in the drama disappeared from view. I was relieved not to have witnessed the messy last act.

"Lion is very good to eat," Hemingway maintained in one of his ridiculously macho moods. I couldn't imagine that I'd enjoy a lionburger, but had no difficulty whatsoever in picturing a lion going methodically about an under-done Burloin-steak.

SOME TIME ago, a black tracker at MalaMala had had an unpleasant encounter with a lion while walking to his village one night together with his wife. She was badly mauled, but they managed to hole up in an abandoned hut which, unfortunately, lacked a door. He blocked the entrance with a mattress and anything he could add to it, and struggled throughout the night as the hungry animal repeatedly tried to break in.

Lawrence Watson told us of an even more unpleasant situation. The eastern limit of the Kruger National Park is the border with neighbouring Mozambique where conditions are so bad that women have been abandoning their babies by the roadside, hoping that someone will find them and care for them. Other Mozambiquans, made desperate by near-famine conditions, cross the border illegally into South Africa by night, and the lions who have learned the paths they use, lie in ambush for them.

I have mentioned only a fraction of the animals at MalaMala, where you can also find the Dwarf Mongoose, the Grey Duiker, the Yellow-footed Bush Squirrel, the Civet, the Spotted Hyena, the Black-backed Jackal, the Lesser Galago, the Sable Antelope, the Wild Dog, the Genet Cat, the Reedbuck, the Nyala, and others. There simply isn't enough space.

I must, however, describe the *Smouse* in a future article. Though they sound like pickled rodents, *Smouse* was the Afrikaner name for the Jewish peddlers who roamed South Africa at the beginning of the 19th century. They were the first of a menagerie that would later include Fox and Leon of Elephant Trading, the Beare brothers who control – of all things – Game, the discount chain, and the founders of another firm who must have been rather vague about South African fauna – Tiger Oats.

There were even a couple of Rabies. □

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O brave new world that has such people in 't

Three exhibitions on American Jewry open at Beth Hatefutsoth on Tuesday (December 2). They convey through photographs, words and artifacts the early, pioneering settlement of Jews in the United States, as well as aspects of contemporary American Jewish life, from the last vestiges of community life in a crumbling neighbourhood in New York's Bronx to the problems of portraying the rich variety of mainstream and sectarian Jewry today.
Text: Kenneth Libo, Jack Kugelmass and Carl Glassman. Photographs: Beth Hatefutsoth.

Early beginnings

THE exhibition **In the Footsteps of Columbus** documents the extraordinary accomplishments of Spanish- and German-speaking Jews who came to America before the onset of the great migrations from Eastern Europe in 1881. The story begins in the 1650s, when the eastern seaboard was the western frontier of Europe, and continues through the Industrial Revolution, the Civil War and the conquest of the Wild West over two centuries later.

This is anything but a sentimental journey into the past. Over a period of two years, curators Dr. Kenneth Libo and Leorah Kroyanker brought together thousands of items, of which 350 photographs, artifacts, documents and paintings have been selected for this exhibition. Displayed in three sections – the first generations, 1650-1830; the German immigrants, 1830-1880; and community life – they forcefully convey the lives of people who helped their fellow immigrants create a new civilization and new Jewish communities, often in the wilderness.

AMERICA MARKED A NEW chapter in the history of the Diaspora. Over the centuries, Jews had learned to survive as a landless nation of wanderers, set apart from others, deriving what spiritual sustenance they could from the hope of some day returning to their homeland.

But America was different. A new country struggling to free itself from the iniquities of an Old World order, America provided not only asylum and protection but also equal rights to Europeans of various ethnic backgrounds irrespective of their religious convictions.

However, this was not so for the earliest Jewish arrivals – a group of 23 men, women and children of Spanish descent who, in 1654, sought refuge from the long arm of the Portuguese Inquisition in the Dutch West Indies Company's trading post of New Amsterdam.

In a letter to the company's directors, the colony's governor, Peter Stuyvesant, recommended that "such hateful blasphemers of the name of Christ...with their customary usury and deceitful trading with Christians...be not allowed further to infect and trouble this new colony."

As a result of protests from Manasseh Ben Israel and other influential Jews in Amsterdam, pointing out that "many of the Jewish nation are principal shareholders in the Company" that owned the colony, Jews were allowed to settle along the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

(Top) *Jacob Hays, chief of New York police between 1802 and 1849, converted to Christianity in 1802.* (Above left) *Joseph Pulitzer, journalist, editor and publisher, bears the banner of liberal republican reform.* (Above) *Ernestine Rose (1810-1892), social reformer and abolitionist.* (Right) *Emma Lazarus (1849-1887), poetess.* (Below) *The four Ehrman brothers with their wives, Portland, Oregon, 1872.*

North America's first Jewish congregation, Shearith Israel, traces its history to the arrival of that first group of settlers in New Amsterdam. By the time of the Revolutionary War, congregations had also been established in Savannah, Charleston, Philadelphia and Newport. Because there was no centralizing influence, each congregation operated pretty much on its own.

The situation was complicated by the presence of both Sephardi and Ashkenazi Jews in every colonial American congregation, each with their own distinctive culture, language and differing religious convictions. In Savannah, Ashkenazim from the ghettos of Germany and Poland were "rigid observers of their law," while the Sephardim, the descendants of Christianized Jews from Portugal and Brazil, were "more lax in their way, and dispense with many of their Jewish rites."

In the smaller settlements, like Petersburg, Virginia, the problems were especially acute. A Jewish woman wrote in 1791 to her parents in Germany:

"...There are here 10 or 12 Jews and they are not worthy of being called Jews. We have a *shohet* who goes to market and buys *treife* meat and then brings it home. On Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur the people worshipped here without one *Sefer Tora*, and not one of them wore a *tallis* or *arba kanfot* except Hyman and my Sammy's godfather."

America's first native-born cantor, Gershom Mendes Seixas of New York, was no stranger to hardship and disappointment. The head of a family of 14, he could barely support his wife and children on his salary, even with his earnings as a *mohel*, *shohet* and teacher.

Seixas fared better in gentile circles. Chosen as one of 13 religious leaders to attend George Washington's first inauguration in New York, he also served as an incorporator of Columbia College and as a trustee of New York City's Humane Society. Eventually he came to function as an ambassador of sorts, representing the Jewish community of New York to the gentile world at large.

In a country virtually free to economic discrimination against religious groups, Jews were able to earn their livelihoods in a variety of ways. Some travelled as peddlers to Indian villages to exchange homemade liquor, silk, handkerchiefs and silver trinkets for pelts and hides. Others worked as artisans or skilled craftsmen – butchers, bakers, shoemakers, tailors, and silversmiths. The best known Jews in colonial America were merchants trading in everything from Bibles and bottled beer to rum and sugar. Some, like Aaron Lopez, a Portuguese Jew who owned over 30 ships, were slave-traders.

Though anti-Semitism was not a major problem for Jews in colonial America, occasional attempts were made to disenfranchise Jews. In 1737, a Puritan lawyer declared in an impassioned speech to the New York Assembly that an apparent majority had been gained through Jewish votes, but that since Jews were responsible for the death of Christ, they should not have been allowed to vote in the first place. Without further ado, the Assembly passed a resolution that Jews ought "not to be admitted to vote for representatives in this colony." The resolution remained in effect until the Revolutionary War.

Unquestionably, America has not always lived up to its promise of universal liberty and religious toleration. Even so, the conscience of the country has been tempered by belief in the principles articulated by the Founding Fathers. In 1790, George Washington welcomed Jews as fellow citizens with the assurance that in America "all possess alike liberty of conscience" under a government which "gives to bigotry no sanction."

These early settlers were not particularly learned in either Jewish or secular knowledge. In no way could it be argued that they changed the course of either American or Jewish history. But they were among the first to pose the question of whether or not Jews can survive as Jews in an essentially hospitable Diaspora environment devoid of major barriers to assimilation.

A COMBINATION of factors on both sides of the Atlantic led to an increase in the Jewish population of America (from a mere eight thousand in 1830 to almost 20 times that number in less than a generation).

The Jews who came to America during this period were predominantly from small towns in Central Europe, the offspring of artisans, craftsmen and petty traders.

For the newcomers, Jewish wholesalers and manufacturers were of tremendous importance as suppliers. Because of their willingness to extend credit to a fellow Jew, a newcomer without a cent in his pocket could start out as a peddler with a pack of merchandise on his back.

Travelling south or west either by foot, covered wagon or river boat, many Jewish peddlers ventured where no Jews had been before.

A few, like Bavarian-born Levi Strauss, travelled by ship from New York to California. Arriving in the boom town of San Francisco, Strauss opened a tent-store where he sold goods to miners, sailors and cowboys. Soon he was a familiar sight in gold towns with such odd names as Piddletown and Chinese Camp. By the outbreak of the Civil War, Strauss was running a $3 million-a-year dry goods, clothing and household furnishings store. In 1880 alone, 100,000 Levi Strauss overalls were turned out, with a printed oilcloth guarantee attached to each pair.

On July 2, 1854, a motley group of peddlers, cattle-dealers, dry-goods merchants and clothiers met in a back room in Los Angeles to organize a Hebrew Benevolent Society "for procuring a piece of ground suitable for burying the deceased of their own faith, and also to appropriate a portion of their time and means to the holy cause of benevolence." By 1880, from such rude beginnings, fully-fledged Jewish communities had developed throughout the country, embracing a Jewish population of at least 300,000 – far more than the Jewish populations of England or France.

Soon after Elias Howe's invention of the sewing machine in 1846, German Jews began making men's clothing, not only in New York but throughout the industrial North.

By 1880, half of all Jewish firms were concentrated in some facet of the ready-made clothing industry or allied trades, with New York far ahead of Cincinnati, and Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee not far behind.

Though department stores were neither a Jewish nor an American invention, the names of several German Jewish families – Bloomingdale, Gimbel and Magin, to name just three – are today inseparably linked to their growth and development in America. In addition to creating mercantile dynasties that played a pivotal role in the development of American commerce, these families created and supported hospitals, libraries, orchestras and museums.

WITH THE ARRIVAL, in the wake of the European Revolutions of 1848, of a number of university-trained rabbis from Bavaria, Prussia and Bohemia, a major movement for religious reform came into being in America.

In 1854, Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise, a fiery proponent of Reform, became the spiritual leader of Cincinnati's Reform congregation, Bene Jeshurun. In the same year, Wise founded the newspaper *The Israelite*. A skilled polemicist, he used it to attack whatever struck him as antithetical to modern life in America.

"Lay your hand on your heart... and ask yourself," Wise wrote his readers, "whether you can justify your cause before God if coming generations of Israel will be lost to our sacred cause because you imposed on them doctrines which caused them to reject the whole system." He proclaimed it their "sacred mission" to remove from "the system of our faith" those rituals and customs which made them feel uncomfortable as Jews.

True, traditional forms of Judaism continued to be practised in America, particularly in Sephardic east coast congregations dating back to colonial times. Moreover, the introduction of Conservative Judaism in the later decades of the century attracted many German Jews back to the traditions of their fathers. Nonetheless, by the time of the Civil War, Reform Judaism was practised by an overwhelming majority of Jews in America.

With the establishment of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations in 1873 and the opening of Hebrew Union College, the Reform movement in America had clearly come of age.

I.J. Benjamin, a Polish *maggid* who travelled through America in the 1860s, discovered little acquaintance with Judaism among the children of German Jews, particularly among the daughters of the well-to-do.

"...they provide her...with a music teacher, a singing teacher and a governess to continue the practice of French; the latter also teaches her to sew, knit and the like; and to give it all a final touch, they assign a teacher to give her Hebrew lessons-...but as for Judaism, the child experiences and knows nothing."

OUTSIDE THE family circle a social revolution was taking place: the secularization of Jewish communal life, which after the 1830s began to expand beyond the boundaries of the synagogue, producing independent clubs and societies led by laymen.

The first of these were philanthropic organizations such as the Hebrew Benevolent Society of New York. Founded in the 1820s by members of Congregation Shearith Israel, it later merged with the German Benevolent Society to establish the first Jewish orphanage in America. A similar sequence of events led to the establishment of New York's first Jewish hospital – Mount Sinai.

Founded in 1843 by a group of German Jews in New York, B'nai B'rith had more than 50 chapters throughout the country by 1860. It provided its members with fellowship as well as burial services, legal aid, hospitalization benefits and cultural activities. Perhaps most important, B'nai B'rith worked diligently "for the purpose of...breaking down all barriers that had been created from prejudices that existed in the old world and unfortunately in this."

Institutions were also created in response to strictly social needs. Organized in 1869, the Standard Club of Chicago was typical. Located on Michigan Avenue, the building was an impressive structure of brick and granite. On the top floor was an ornate ballroom; in the basement were billiard tables and a bowling alley; on the main floor was a dining room, a well-stocked bar and a lounge for card-playing and small talk.

NATURALLY there were regional differences. Those who had settled in the North supported the Union in the Civil War, while those in the South frequently joined other Southerners in support of slavery and the Confederacy. Those who settled east of the Mississippi were treated as foreigners by gentiles who had arrived earlier, while those who ventured west of the Mississippi were received as fellow pioneers.

Wherever Jews settled in America, they transformed themselves from "eternal strangers" into a people with a new homeland. As a result, a new era in Jewish history came into being, one in which the Diaspora was perceived as a blessing. Nowhere was this conviction more succintly expressed than at the 1840 dedication services of Charleston's historic Beth Elohim synagogue. "This country is our Palestine," declared the officiating rabbi. "The city is our Jerusalem, this house of God our temple."

The exhibition is being mounted with the support of American Friends of Beth Hatefutsoth, the Charles E. Smith Family Foundation, Washington D.C., the Grand Street Boys Foundation and the Lucius N. Littauer Foundation, both of New York. Publication of the catalogue was made possible by the U.S. Embassy in Israel. Curator Dr. Libo, a specialist in the history of America's Jews, will be well known to visitors to the exhibition from his co-authorship, with Irving Howe, of the books *World of Our Fathers* and *How we Lived*.

The faithful remnant

THE EXHIBITION, **The Miracle of Interval Avenue** is the outcome of a five-year research project carried out by anthropologist Jack Kugelmass, who is on the faculty of the Max Weinrich Centre for Advanced Jewish Studies at the Yivo Institute in New York.

The research project was not originally conceived as a photographic exhibit. In fact, Kugelmass says he knew very little about photography, but after years of talking to people in their homes and places of work, use of the camera became second nature.

The "miracle" of the exhibit's title is a small, neighbourhood *shul* which, despite an elderly and dwindling congregation, somehow manages to keep its doors open convincing its "acting rabbi," Moishe Sacks, that the continued existence of the *shul* is the work of the unseen hand of God.

The exhibition focuses on a tiny congregation of mostly elderly New York Jews who chose to remain in the South Bronx despite the departure of almost all of their former friends and relatives. Through striking vignettes of the local residents, it describes how they manage to survive within a seemingly hostile environment and find within it a sense of purpose and dignity both as elderly people and as Jews.

Despite its notoriety, the South Bronx today is rather tame. The fires have long since died down, the gangs are no more, and the drug addicts have either died or left the area.

Although a first time visitor may find the South Bronx a forbidding landscape, for the elderly Jews their neighbourhood still represents the world they shared with loved ones. It is here that they live on their savings and social security payments, proud of the fact that Bronx people see them not as helpless dependents, but as resourceful and knowledgeable.

As Moishe Sacks put it: "Here I'm known. Elsewhere I'd be a stranger. Here even a bum on the street calls me, 'Mr.' or 'Grandpa.' Somewhere else I'd be just another old man.

"You walk down the street, you see a church and you say, 'This used to be a synagogue. You keep on walking, you see another church, you say, 'This used to be a synagogue.' You come here, you can't say, 'This used to be a synagogue.' Do you know why? Because this still is a synagogue!"

SACK'S STATEMENT says much about the Intervale Jewish Centre, built in 1922 when the Bronx was in its prime. All that remains of Jewish life in the South Bronx, both the building and the congregation share a veteran's intimacy. Outsiders may see the decay, the congregants look at it differently.

Insists Sacks: "To us, this place is beautiful. I don't want you to take this as sacrilegious, but when I see the stones of this building, to me it's like I'm looking at the stones of the *kotel* in Jerusalem. So if you ask me why we should fix this place up and stop the roof from leaking, I'll tell you. When *moshiach* comes, all the *shuls* from around the world will pick themselves up and go to Jerusalem. So I have the roof repaired and the place painted because I want when it goes to Jerusalem, the *shul* should look nice. And besides, I shouldn't have to worry about leaks during the rainy season here."

Sacks keeps his congregants by assigning to each of them a critical role in maintaing the *minyan*.

Dave the errant son who prides himself on irreverent gestures and off-colour remarks has become, through Sacks's prodding, the *kaddish* for the congregants, guaranteeing in his child-like manner the possibility that he might outlive them and say the memorial prayers they fear their own children will not.

Malachi, the Yiddish-speaking son of a Moroccan father and Yemenite mother, has assumed the role of *ba'al tefilla*. Sam takes time out from his card games to ensure a *minyàn*.

New congregants emerge every once in a while, hardly versed in Jewish religious knowledge but coaxed into doing things which they will soon be expected to do regularly – from opening and closing the ark and carrying the Tora, to chanting the transliterated blessings for an *aliya*.

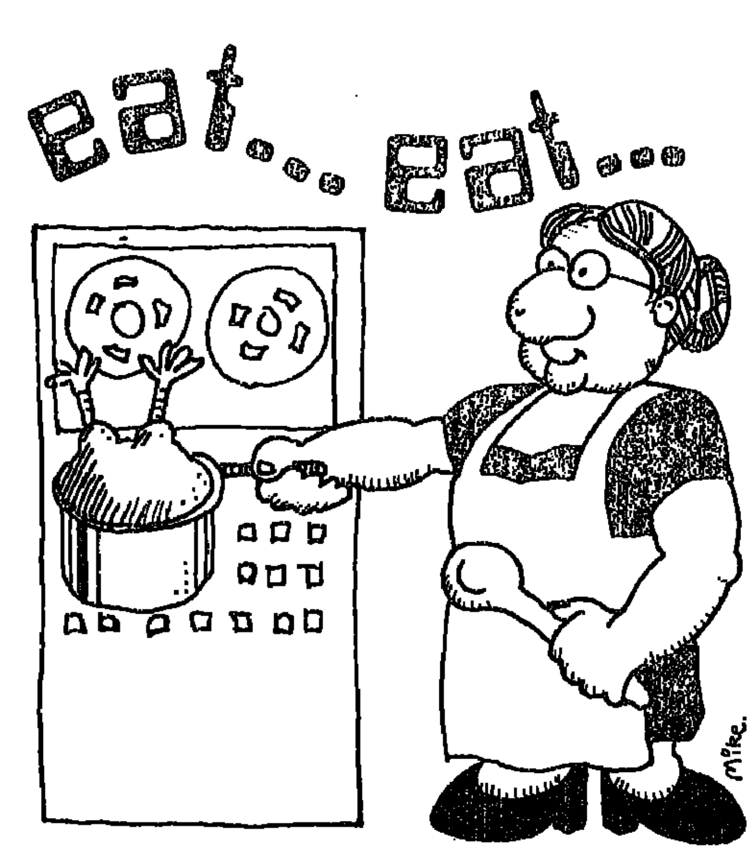
For all of them, the Intervale Jewish Centre offers a comfortable place where, by joining the chain of Jewish generations, they can make their peace with the proximity of death.

(Continued on page 14)

Julius Myer, merchant (top left) *with Indian chiefs in Nebraska, 1879.*

From the Miracle of Interval Avenue: (below) *and* (right), *Davè* (left) *and Moishe Sacks at the synagogue.*

Congregants at the Intervale Centre.



Say "chicken soup," and the vision of a loving Jewish mother comes to mind. That bewitching broth we call Jewish penicillin is, like so much else these days, less the product of kitchen magic than factory machinery. In other words, the Yiddishe Mama has been replaced by a computer.

In a headlong hurtle to get to the future ahead of its time, an Israeli soup factory has installed a $6 million computer-based soup production line. The fancy gizmo holds more than 200 recipes in its memory bank. It keeps track of stock, adds a pinch of salt if necessary, monitors pressure, temperatures, time and speed, and can differentiate between krupnik and bean & barley – pretty much what the doting lady in the apron does without such a price tag. The Six-million Dollar Mama does have its benefits – it can produce soup 24 hours a day, and never nags you to eat your liver or you won't get dessert.

So you want to send a little something to your friends and relatives overseas. How nice! And what could be better than all the news and stories from Israel? So it's settled; you order a gift subscription to **THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION,** and they get the full report, every week, from soup to nuts, and hopefully nothing but good news.

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(Continued from page 13)

Who is a Jew?

EVERY FOUR YEARS, American presidential candidates publicly seeking the Jewish vote visit Brooklyn's hassidic neighbourhoods. With only seconds of television coverage allotted to them on the evening news, the candidates need to be seen with people instantly identifiable as Jewish, and in those few moments, hassidic Jews stand for the entire Jewish people.

The fact United States Jewry should be represented by black-garbed, bearded hassidic Jews says a great deal about the problems of portraying modern Jewish America in visual images. In a country where the majority of Jews do not comprise an outwardly different group, where a minority observe religious rituals and many describe themselves as "Americans first," how do photographers portray the American Jew? The **Kaleidoscope** exhibition of 10 Jewish-American themes by 12 photographers (illustrated above) explores that question.

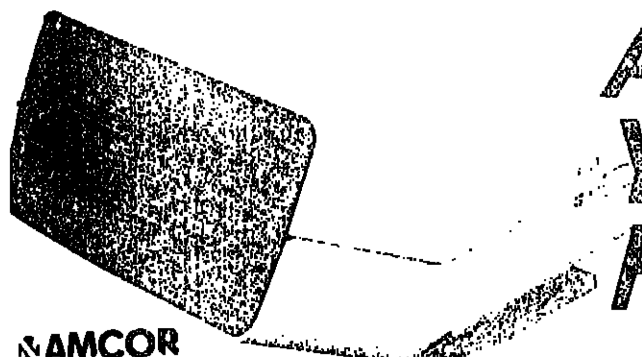
In documenting Jewish life in the U.S. over the past decade, photographers have often turned their cameras on a number of the subjects seen in the exhibition, hassidic Jews, Russian Jews, elderly Jews and Holocaust survivors have been of particular photographic interest. While this exhibition illustrates a rich diversity of life, none of the projects, with the exception of Gay Block's photographs of Camp Pinecliffe, portrays the mainstream of American Jewry. Most American Jews are not newly-arrived immigrants, farmers, or survivors. Neither are they necessarily great artists or intellectuals.

However, photographers are rarely drawn to the average or the mainstream. The unusual, the emotional, the famous and the funny provide their most fertile subject-matter. If they are focusing on a Jewish theme, there is a good chance that their subjects will "look" Jewish either by identifiable garb or by ritual activity.

That is not an indictment of photographers. Rather, it is their challenge: to take us beneath the exotic veneer and superficial symbols instead of relying upon them; to abstract what is universally human from what is, on the surface, unusual or unique. Where they have succeeded in doing so, perhaps these photographers of America's Jews have shown us – all of us – something of ourselves after all.

Carl Glassman, a freelance photographer living in New York, is the curator of this exhibition. He teaches photo-journalism at New York University and his work has appeared in museums and publications all over the world.

The day after the opening, December 3, at 7:30 p.m., Beth Hatefutsoth, will host a symposium "Ideological Trends in American Jewry Today," chaired by Rabbi Irving Greenberg. □



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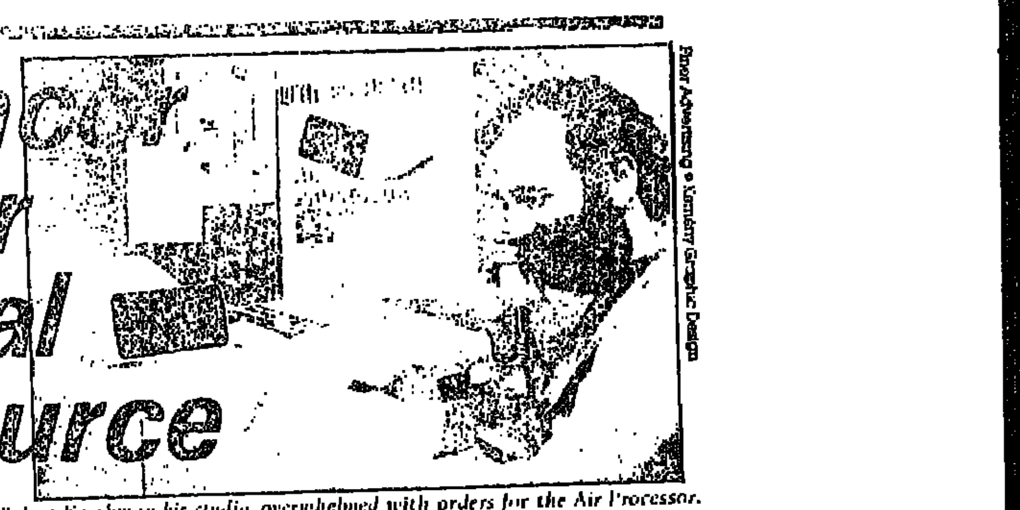

Art Director Robert Kemény in his studio, overwhelmed with orders for the Air Processor.

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Return of the advertising man

Hi again. It's me, Robert Kemény, the guy who designs these ads. I'm back, so we must be doing something right! "Impossible," they said, "nobody can advertise a new product like the Air Processor and expect people to order it by phone or with a coupon. No one understands what ionization is and why you need it." Even I never expected such an overwhelming deluge of orders.

But, again, my partner Yitzhak, the copywriter, was one step ahead of me. "Robert," Yitzhak told me, "let's tell the story. Give the public the facts. They'll always make the smart decision."

So, for all you wise consumers who have already ordered your Air Processors, and for those doubting Thomases who have been waiting a bit longer before ordering, here's more information about our friendly negative ions, and the story of those nasty positive ions. I'm sure you'll understand why hundreds of thousands of homes and businesses throughout the civilized world have "naturalized" their environment by enriching their air with negative ions.

The natural ion balance

Open countryside, the natural environment in which we feel invigorated, usually contains about 1,000 to 2,000 ions in every cubic centimeter of air. These ions can have either a positive or a negative charge. The common ratio in nature is four negative ions (neg-ions) to five positive ions (pos-ions). The unique aspect of this equilibrium is that more of a good thing, neg-ions, is even more beneficial, but too many of the hostile pos-ions can be harmful.

We are aware that neg-ions are the "freshness" component of the air. Generation of neg-ions is the most efficient method of cleaning the air of miniscule pollutant particles such as dust, pollens, smoke, air-borne bacteria and molds, and all types of odors. For example, generation of neg-ions can clear a room of cigarette smoke five times faster than it dissipates in non-ionized air. We also know that a major detrimental effect of pollution is to deplete the air of its ions. In fact, in our man-made environments the neg-ion is often virtually nonexistent. Neg-ions and pollution cannot co-exist.

The Ion in Winter

Winter, the indoor season, is the time of year when the air that we breathe as much as 90% of the time needs replenishment of its neg-ions. With the heaters on and the windows closed, the neg-ions become depleted. Colds and flu abound. We also see creeping slimy black mold growing on the walls.

Neg-ions actually clean the air of bacteria, molds, and other microscopic droplets which can cause illness, allergy, or black slimy mold on your walls. (Not to mention that neg-ions remove cigarette smoke and fumes of fossil fuels.) Neg-ions also protect us from respiratory infections by improving the functioning of the windpipe, whose hairlike cilia sweep invading micro-organisms away from the lungs.

The Israel ion experience

It is well known that the presence of higher concentrations of neg-ions facilitates learning, reduces fatigue, and relaxes the anxiety caused by stress. The question remains: Why and how do neg-ions benefit me? (and on the contrary: What is so detrimental about pos-ions?)

Thanks to the research of many scientists around the world, and, notably, that of the late octogenarian Professor Felix Gad Sulman of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, we can answer these questions. Professor Sulman conducted a study to determine why people suffer during the sharav (or hamsin), in order to devise a method to help alleviate their agony. Statistics demonstrate that in addition to flare ups of migraine, asthma, and rheumatic attacks which are common in the sharav, there are also increases of heart attacks, tensions, depressions, traffic accidents, and even violent crimes during the hamsin.

When Professor Sulman announced that he was undertaking a study on sharav victims, he was inundated with volunteers. He measured levels of serotonin in the blood of his patients, as well as their bodies' efficiency at rendering that hormone inactive. Simultaneously, he surveyed the sharav ion count in Jerusalem and measured these levels on hot days without the sharav winds.

His results contain the prescription for many sufferers of migraine, asthma, and joint pain both during the sharav and in "normal" weather conditions.

Two days before the actual sharav sets in, the ion count increases from the normal one to two thousand (in the normal ratio of negative to positive) to at least double its previous level. But now the pos-ion preponderantly prevails, and sharav sensitive people sense that an "ill wind" is in the air. This pos-ion deluge is accompanied by an average ten-fold increase in blood serotonin levels, but the body's ability to neutralize the "anxiety hormone" fails to keep up.

Although pos-ions and serotonin cause the "sharav sufferers syndrome," other factors are also involved. In some individuals the pos-ions cause increased secretion of adrenaline and nor-adrenaline which leads to a temporary euphoria - followed after a time by biochemical exhaustion. Still others react by having their thyroid function disrupted. All these reactions to the sharav can result in migraines, tension, joint pain, anxiety, and insomnia, as well as overproduction of histamine which aggravates asthma and allergies.

We must remember that this ion imbalance occurs not only in the sharav, but also in many man-made environments, such as in congested cities, near smoke-belching factories, and inside many shops, offices, and homes. It can be as severe in winter as in summer. In fact, your indoor environment, where you spend most of your time, is much more important to your health than is the outdoor atmosphere.

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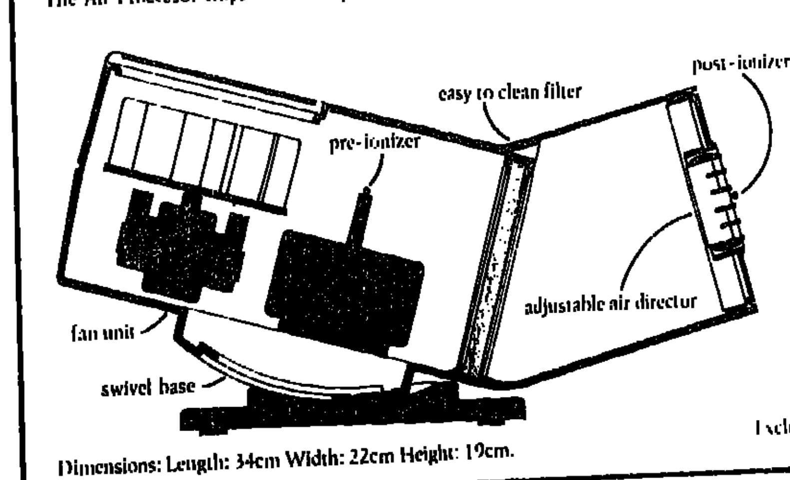

Dimensions: Length: 34cm Width: 22cm Height: 19cm.

The air with pollutant particles is drawn past the ion generator (pre-ionization). The electrically charged "heavy" pollutants are trapped by the exclusive electrostatic air filter. The clean air is then "post-ionized" as it leaves the New Air Processor. The Air Processor draws only 18 Watts — barely more than a night light. The larger Air Font uses the identical principle.

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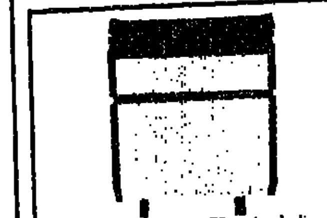
In addition to the New Air Processor, which is designed as a personal clean air source, or for use in small rooms, Amcor also manufactures the Air Font, which is suitable for rooms up to 35 square meters in area. The Air Font with its integral castor base (at no extra charge) will fit into any decor in your office, shop, or even your salon. It can easily be rolled into your kitchen, if necessary to clean the air of a smoky mishap. All this while using only the same amount of electricity as a medium size light bulb, only 62 Watts.



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So, folks, keep those calls and letters coming in. I'm happy to inform you that my family is fine and happily enjoying the rich ionized atmosphere of our home. This winter we are looking forward to a healthy and happy season thanks to the friendly neg-ions generated by our new Amcor Air Processors and Air Font. We still feel the difference.

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P.S. Remember, I'm still happy to answer any questions about our personal experience with the Amcor Air Processor. Just write to me, Robert Kemény, in care of Sagi Marketing in Raanana (Beit Ron, 142 Ahuza) and I will personally answer each letter. If you missed our record breaking first ad, we'll be happy to send you a copy by return mail. Hope to hear from you soon.

Robert

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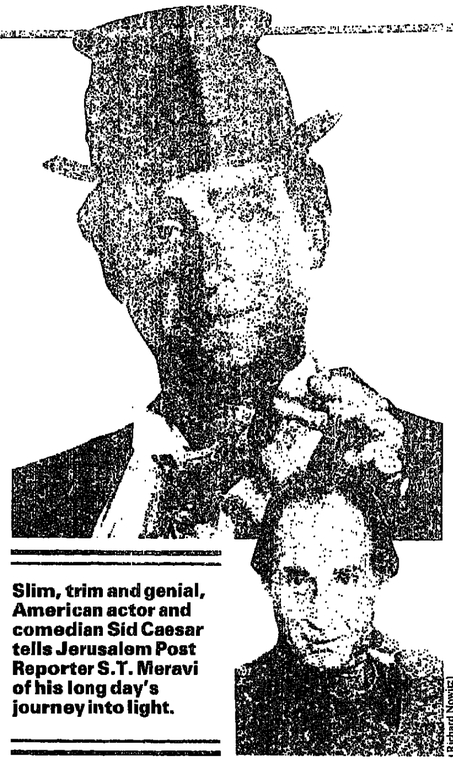


(Richard Nowitz)

Slim, trim and genial, American actor and comedian Sid Caesar tells Jerusalem Post Reporter S.T. Meravi of his long day's journey into light.

Hail Caesar

MEL BROOKS and Woody Allen went on to become the champions of American cinema comedy. Neil Simon did the same on Broadway. Joe Stein wrote *Fiddler on the Roof* and Mike Stewart wrote *Hello Dolly* and *Bye Bye Birdie*. Mel Tolkin graduated to become chief writer of *All in the Family*. Larry Gelbart created another long-running TV series, *M.A.S.H.*

What these writers have in common is that they all started out by coalescing around the one man who, more than anyone, embodies what is referred to as the Golden Age of American television. From 1949 to 1958 – long before the introduction of video taping, editing and canned laughter – they and a few others helped their star produce a quality of free-wheeling comedy that critics never tired of saying was better than most things seen on the legitimate stage.

But while these writers went on to ever greater successes, the comic genius who inspired and wrote with them all those years seemed to disappear. Finally, in 1982, in an autobiography pointedly entitled *Where Have I Been?*, Sid Caesar explained the mystery: he was busy trying to destroy himself.

HARDLY out of wartime service with the Coast Guard, and with scant professional experience (mostly as a saxophone player), Sid Caesar found himself sky-rocketing to the top in the new medium called television. By the third week of his 90-minute *Admiral Broadway Revue*, his sponsor had seen orders for Admiral TV receivers leap from fewer than 1,000 a week to 10,000. As his programme evolved into *Your Show of Shows* and eventually *Caesar's Hour*, he was making $1 million a year – this at a time when few Hollywood stars earned as much. He wasn't yet 30.

Blessed with what he calls the constitution of an ox, the tall, 100-kilo comic raced through season after season of original, live comedy. And that wasn't all. In 1962, for example, he filmed *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* in Hollywood, played Vegas, then zipped to New York, where he began taping yet another TV series during the day even while at night he was starring on Broadway in Neil Simon's *Little Me* – a play in which he took no fewer than seven roles.

It also took its toll. Unable to accept a success that had "come so fast and so easily" and equally afraid that "it could all be taken away just as mysteriously as it had come," Sid Caesar became an alcoholic and pill addict. Subject to towering rages, he frequently tore sinks out of bathroom walls, hurled furniture around his living room and punched holes in doors.

Drinking and doping himself into oblivion every night, he nonetheless never suffered hangovers and was on the set or in the writers' room every day, bright and early. For years, few except his long-suffering wife Florence (they have now been married for 43 years) and their three terrified children knew of Sid's dark side.

But eventually the dark side was all there was. And while "Sid's Kids" – Brooks, Allen, Simon and all the rest – went on to expand their successful careers, their original inspiration, as he summed it up for us the other day, "just stayed drunk for 25 years."

MINDFUL of this history – and of the fact that Caesar had once nearly thrown Mel Brooks out of the window of an 18th-floor hotel room – it is with some trepidation that we call on the comedian at the Tel Aviv Hilton. We're grateful that our meeting is taking place only on the sixth floor, and encouraged that the door shows no sign of enraged assault. And in fact our timid tap is answered by a genial, smiling Sid Caesar, slim and trim and with a glow of ruddy health that most other men of 64 would envy.

"As I relate in my book," he says, "I was a sick man psychologically, punishing myself for what I thought was undeserved success. It wasn't until 1979 that I realized I was killing myself. I had to ask myself if I really wanted to die. Once I realized I wanted to live, I was on my way to curing myself. And though I had help from doctors, you can only be cured through your own will."

And then suddenly, as will happen several times during this interview, Sid Caesar slips effortlessly from the sublime to the ridiculous, spinning out a hilarious and impromptu comedy routine:

"Doctors!" he snaps. "They're not doctors any more, they're all brokers and real estate agents! And each one is more specialized than the next. Oh, a problem with your nose? I don't do noses, but here, take this to Dr. Schmell... and Dr. Schmell says, Ah, the left nostril. No, I don't do left nostrils. I recommend Dr. Hochem, you go see – and Hochem says, now where's the prob – ah, upper part of the left nostril? Too bad, I don't do septums. You go see – and of course each one is charging you $150 a shot, and meanwhile you're running around with your nose..."

Caesar shrugs. "That's my sort of comedy – based on the truth, exaggerated a little, but recognizable to anyone who observes life. My heroes were Chaplin, Fields, Keaton, Laurel and Hardy – that's the kind of comedy they did, in sketches, and in a way sketch comedy is becoming a lost art."

But Brooks and Simon and others have certainly carried on the tradition. How did he feel about their success, which so obviously grew out of writing for television with Sid Caesar?

"For a long time I was consumed with jealousy," the comic admits. "But that's because I was so sick. It took years for me to realize that if they were doing it and I wasn't – then that was only my fault. We always want to blame 'they' and 'them' for our problems. It's only when we learn that 'they' and 'them' is really us that we have any hope of recovering."

Of course he did not totally disappear during his dark years in the 1960s and 1970s. But he admits he was often just going through the motions. He made a picture in Australia, for example, and swears he has no memory of either the film or the trip ("I missed an entire continent."). The same was true, he says, when he had a featured role in Mel Brooks's *Silent Movie*.

TODAY, after half a decade of health food and exercise in place of booze and pills, he exudes a positive attitude about himself and his work. "I limit myself in terms of cancer," he says. "Before, it was all so frantic I could never enjoy a moment of my life. Now I choose roles on two conditions – it I'm going to enjoy the work, and if I have a hand in writing the part myself."

Which is exactly what Caesar is doing here in Israel, as he plays emperor in the Golan-Globus production of *The Emperor's New Clothes*, directed by David Irving and featuring Robert Morse and Julian Chagrin.

"The only way I'll work is if I have control of the writing," he says. "Back in the early days of television it would never occur to a producer or a sponsor to suggest anything about content. That's because it was all so new that nobody knew what they were doing anyway. Today, unfortunately, the situation is very different. A story conference is attended by 14 lawyers and 17 accountants. And they sit there and say, well, we don't like that line... you can't say that... we don't think this is funny..."

And suddenly he is off again. "Hey, listen, unless a man is the king of comedians, he can't tell me what's funny. A *lawyer* is going to tell me what I can say? You, you're a lawyer, go out and law! Go, go make a law, lawyer. You, Mr. Accountant, go out and add something! Don't subtract, add! Go, go, get outa here!"

Sid Caesar as actor (top); *in his dark period when his agents merchandised him for films* (left); *with Imogen Coca in 'Your Show of Shows'; and* (centre) *in Israel this month.*

CAESAR reveals that he's currently engaged in making a pilot for a new TV series, but with precisely the conditions of artistic control that he has set for himself.

"I mean, after all," he grins, "they shouldn't have to worry about me. True, today a lot of comics depend on the dirty word to get a laugh. I just never went for that. I mean, if you have to drop your pants to get a laugh, that's a cheap shot. It stifles creativity. I've always been concerned with taste. So if the new show goes the way I want it, and if I enjoy it, fine. And if it doesn't, that's fine too, I'll do something else.

Caesar also has 450 hours of kinescopes from his glory days on the small screen that producers are eager to re-issue in half-hour segments. But he's proceeding cautiously on this project. For one thing, he insists the past is past, and his recovery of mental and physical health depends on recognizing *was* as *was* and *now* as *now*.

"It's an idea I picked up from reading in physics, which is my hobby," he says, and proceeds to reel off a list of scientists whose work he admires. "I really got into it when my son was in medical school and I started reading his textbooks, but for some reason I'd always been interested in the subject."

HE PAUSES, smiling with a memory.

"One of the most remarkable things that ever happened to me was in 1955, when I got a call from Albert Einstein. Helen Dukas, who was Einstein's secretary at Princeton, was on the phone. She said Einstein loved this character I did on TV, the Professor, and he wanted to meet me. Albert Einstein wanted to meet me? I couldn't believe Albert Einstein even knew I was alive!

"I told my secretary, quick, get me every book on relativity, I gotta learn all about relativity over the weekend. And the meeting was set – I remember, 12 Mercer Street, Princeton – but for some reason it never came about.

"And a year or so later, I was giving a lecture at Columbia University and a man stops me in the hall and says: 'Sid Caesar? I'm Robert Oppenheimer. You know, Albert was just crazy about you.' Can you imagine... ?"

Caesar also glows warmly when we trot out the programme of his 1963 Broadway triumph, *Little Me*.

"Gosh," he says. "Yeah, I played seven or eight roles. What concentration that took, what physical energy. I actually did one character-change in two seconds. Slipped behind a post, slapped on a moustache and a different accent... and I was so sick then... "

I assure him that the audience never knew, and remark that when Neil Simon revived the play on Broadway in 1982, James Coco took one role, and a half-dozen other actors took the rest.

AND DID somebody mention accents? Sid Caesar is famous for his ability to doubletalk gibberish in a dozen languages – a skill he says he developed working in his father's restaurant, which catered to a wide ethnic variety of factory hands in Yonkers, New York.

"Yeah," he shrugs, "I just have to hear a language for a few minutes and I'm off. I've actually ordered in Italian and French restaurants, German restaurants... "

After a side-splitting demonstration of his phoney French, Caesar abruptly switches to an ersatz Hebrew.

"Well," he grins, "I had little help there. I went to Hebrew school for eight years. I learned that *Bereshis* is 'In the beginning' and *yeled* and *yalda* and this is a *knof* and that's a *khof* and that's the sum total of my Hebrew."

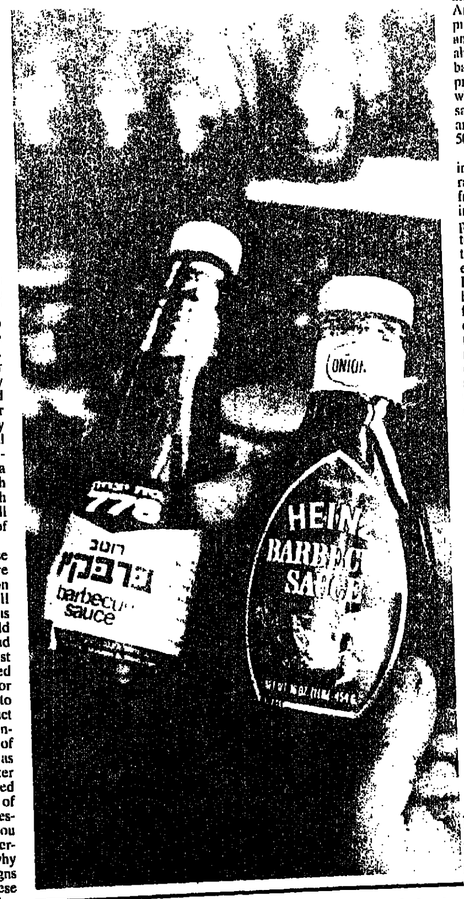
And how is he enjoying this Hebrew-speaking country?

"Marvellous," he says. "If anything's lacking in amenities they make up for it in enthusiasm and eagerness to help. Fully professional, too, on the set. It's a real joy.

"And the country!" he exults, suddenly becoming a tour guide. "Now this rock, this rock is older than that rock. On that rock Herod blew his nose – yes, right on that rock. And that rock over there, that isn't the original rock, because the Romans took away that rock and replaced it with this rock.

"But this rock is older than that rock. And this rock is a very important rock, because on this rock Abraham stood to mount his donkey. And that rock over there, that's where Maimonides dropped a handkerchief – you still see it floating by sometimes. And pay attention, this rock is very unusual because it isn't a rock, it's a *stone*. And that stone over there..." □

You have been warned



(Uzi Keren)

MARKETING WITH MARTHA / Martha Meisels

LIFE IN the United States isn't really more dangerous than here in Israel. It only seems so – because of the warnings on virtually everything you might eat, drink or buy. This was the dominant message I picked up in my recent three-week visit to the great consumer paradise otherwise known as the USA.

Obviously, I wasn't surprised to see health warnings on cigarette packets or cigarette ads, not even when they were as explicit as: "Surgeon General's Warning: Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may complicate pregnancy."

I was, however, amazed when I paid an intermission visit to the snack bar in a Manhattan theatre lobby and was confronted with a huge sign on the wall reading: "Alcoholic drinks during pregnancy can cause birth defects." I expressed my surprise to the bartender. "Are you pregnant?" he asked solicitously. I assured him I wasn't, and said I only wanted a Coke anyway.

It was one of the few theatre bars in which the filled cola glasses were not separated into batches of "diet" and "regular." There is also "caffeine-free" Coca-Cola in the U.S., both with sugar and without. There is even "caffeine-free" ginger ale, though neither I nor any of my acquaintances had ever supposed there was caffeine in ordinary ginger ale. I am still not certain, though my encyclopedia informs me that real ginger can indeed be used as a stimulant. In the New York area there is a new soft drink called "Zap," which is a he-man's reaction to the health consciousness fad; its slogan is "Full of sugar and twice the caffeine of ordinary colas."

As a consumer reporter, I suppose it is my function to advocate more and not fewer health warnings on products. However, I am still pondering just how much dangerous alcohol a pregnant woman could possibly consume between Act I and Act II of Marvin Hamlisch's latest musical *Smile* which has just opened on Broadway. Several cynics, or perhaps realists, have suggested to me that the proliferation of product warnings in the U.S. today is intended as much for the protection of manufacturers against lawsuits as the consumer against danger. After seeing hair-dryers with five detailed instructions on how to reduce risk of death by electric shock, and restaurant menus which ask, "Are you counting your calories and cholesterol?", I was beginning to wonder why flights of stairs did not carry signs cautioning: "Falling down these stairs could cause broken bones."

WHEN I WAS growing up in the U.S., back in the Dark Ages, the commercialization of Christmas with all the coloured lights and red-and-green decorations traditionally began right after Thanksgiving – which would mean today, November 28. Nowadays, it seems to start right after Hallowe'en, which is the last night of October. By the time I arrived in Chicago on November 2, many stores were already preparing their windows for Christmas, and the same was true in New York a week later. When I asked about a traffic jam on a Sunday afternoon in Manhattan, a fellow bus-rider informed me the department stores were jammed, apparently with early-bird Christmas shoppers. Yes, most American stores are open seven days a week, albeit with shorter hours on Sundays.

Opened just in time for this year's Christmas shopping is the elegant new Fifth Avenue headquarters of F.A.O. Schwarz, one of the world's most impressive toy stores. One can tour it like a museum, and you don't have to be embarrassed taking photos posed next to a life-size horse priced at $4,500, yes, that's four thousand five hundred dollars, or close on NIS 7,000.

One can learn a lot about a society by the games its people play. I considered buying a board-game called "Mid-Life Crisis," but rejected it as smacking too much of reality. Nor would I want to play "The Cooking Game," the object of which is "to be the first one to get your dinner ready." It is even educational, as the ingredients are printed in several languages "so children can learn as they play."

In the women's-consciousness atmosphere of the U.S. today, I was not surprised to see a game called "An Invitation to Play Ladies' Night – The Game for Women Only." A sample question from the box cover: "Who was the first person who made you feel uncomfortable by the way he looked at your body?"

This game, by the way, also carries a warning: "Suggested for women 18 and over." So much for that, with two daughters still under 18 in our household. I opted for a new edition of "Trivial Pursuit" and a game called "Go for Broke" – the object of which is to be the first to lose all your money, an obvious natural for us Israelis. (And I bought them at a discount toy store, a phenomenon which abounds in the U.S. and is sorely lacking here in Israel, where most toys and games are very expensive.)

Israelis who have visited the Big Apple will undoubtedly be heartbroken to hear that Alexander's discount department store on Lexington Avenue is slated to close down in early 1987, following the demise of Gimbel's and Orbach's – two other popular meccas for budget-conscious shoppers.

The local scuttle-butt is that Alexander's was offered an irresistible price for its choice real estate, but that its branches in downtown Manhattan and Queens will remain in business. Still, the flagship store at 59th and Lexington will be sorely missed, as Bloomingdale's at 60th is lovely to visit, but beyond the range of a typical tourist from Israel.

MY RE-ENTRY into the Israeli market-place was eased by the American Food Festival currently in progress at all branches of Super-Sol and Hyper-Kol. In fact, had I known about it, I might not have *schlepped* back three pound-packages of sliced processed American-style cheese, which my family loves in toasted sandwiches. Super-Sol/Hyper-Kol are selling the same thing, albeit at 50 per cent more.

The American Food Festival, now in its second week, offers a wide range of some 400 different items from the U.S., at tolerable prices for imported goods. Super-Sol vice-president Mordechai Kreiner, who took me on a tour of the products at the huge Petah Tikva Hyper-Kol, explained that the year-old U.S.-Israeli Free Trade Zone agreement had not influenced the prices in this festival but that it was not customs duties – averaging 25 to 35 per cent – that were mainly responsible for making the goods so much more expensive than in the U.S. It was the shipping costs, especially for items which have to be deep-frozen, such as the cheeses and the kosher Empire-brand pre-cooked barbecue turkeys and chickens.

I wasn't here when the flap broke out last week over the reliability of kashrut labelling on some of the products in the festival. It is Super-Sol's policy to sell only foods which it considers kosher. Many of the products in the festival carry the O-U emblem of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, which is accepted by Orthodox Jews everywhere, although not by some of the ultra-Orthodox.

More problematic are the products bearing the letter "K," which is apparently not certified by any single rabbinical body, but represents a variety of kashrut certifications. The Israeli Chief Rabbinate, in press advertisements last week, questioned the reliability of the "K." The Super-Sol management says it consulted a respected Orthodox rabbi, Rabbi Simon Dolgin, formerly of the U.S., on the matter. As a result, the chain removed a few questionable items from the shelves, but left most of the "K"-labelled products. There are also a very few items such as tinned vegetables in only water and salt, which have no kashrut emblem whatsoever.

The American Food Festival was carried out in cooperation with Waldbaum's, a large, Jewish-owned supermarket chain on America's east coast. It has some 130 stores and an annual turnover of $1.5 billion. Many of the products currently on sale here bear the Waldbaum's house label.

For its part, Waldbaum's president, Ira Waldbaum, has committed his chain to a reciprocal Israeli food festival in its own stores, probably before Pessah, buying the goods through Super-Sol channels, as it already does in the case of Tnuva cheeses and other selected products.

Former Americans looking for "a touch of home" will find many in the current festival – everything from Hellmann's mayonnaise to cans of Dr. Brown's cream soda (a very "New Yorkish" beverage) and ginger ale, from Hershey's chocolate kisses to Mee Tu "duck sauce" and Chinese marinade, from Duncan Hines's chocolate-chip cookie mix to both Ronzoni and Waldbaum's pasta in exotic shapes.

I won't pretend that these items are cheap – the pre-cooked turkeys and chickens in barbecue sauce sell here for an intimidating NIS 11.50 and NIS 14.70 per kilo respectively. On the other hand, an average of between NIS 2 and NIS 3 for items such as cake mixes, boxes of cookies, and bottles of salad dressing from the U.S. seems tolerable. Not are the Miller cheeses in varieties such as cheddar, muenster, baby gouda, parmesan, and yogurt, prohibitively high, at NIS 16.50-21.20 per kilo, and these *do* carry the widely-accepted O-U *hechsher*, as does the Empire frozen poultry.

In any case, a trip to a Super-Sol or Hyper-Kol market is certainly cheaper than a flight ticket to the USA – and the stores will be raffling off some of these as well. In another recent sign of creeping Americanization, the Hyper-Kol market at Ramat Gan's Canion Ayalon mall stays open all night on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when the customers are primarily "students, doctors and nurses leaving late shifts, and taxi drivers." On other days it is open until midnight.

WHEN travelling abroad, one consciously or unconsciously looks for products from home. I was not surprised to find Elite chocolate wafers, Osem powdered soups, and wines – both Carmel and the newer Yarden and Gamla ones – as far afield as Chicago, and even Gary, Ind. I was more surprised, but no less pleased, to turn over a plastic shopping bag from Alexander's and see that the bag itself was "made in Israel." I was glad to see that it carried the warning about the danger to children of suffocation, which might well be emulated here.

Another New York innovation we would do well to emulate is the deposit on bottles and cans for beer and soft drinks (I don't know why wine and liquor are excluded). Every supermarket there has bins to collect the empties, and a five cent deposit is refunded.

One final story of how to treat the consumer would be in order. While visiting my mother in Gary, Ind., I purchased something which is virtually unknown in Israel – a radio which also has a wavelength to pick up the sound from television. This is very useful when I'm in the kitchen and want to hear the TV news or the dialogue of a favourite serial when the faces are already familiar to me.

It is not an expensive item in the U.S., and I selected an Emerson at $19.95 or about NIS 30, at a huge, popular-class discount chain called K-Mart. We picked up the evening paper only to discover that from the following day, the very same radio would be on "special" for only $15.95.

I was not about to make a fuss about a difference equivalent to six shekels. But my mother, a well-trained American consumer, would have none of it. She pointed out that nothing stopped us from returning the radio, collecting a cash refund, and buying another identical one at four dollars less. Instead, however, she phoned the store and explained to the department manager what had happened.

To my surprise, he apologized profusely. He said he had not seen the forthcoming ad or he would have warned us to wait a day for the discount. And he said it was the store policy in such cases to refund the difference, so long as the merchandise had been purchased within three days prior to the sale offer.

All we had to do was take in our sales slip, and we were handed four dollars cash, no questions asked.

America, America... □

Out of the ordinary

Gil Goldfine

THE REMARKABLE exhibit of black and white photographs by **Glenn Richmond**, a recent immigrant from the U.S., owes its success to his great ability to join the forces of darkroom techniques with sensitive lens-framing and choice of subject matter. A soft granular quality is used to nurture and facilitate a poetic spirit, which transforms the most mundane views into atmospheric gems.

Richmond has achieved his special dialogue with light by investigating and reviving early photographic techniques. The calotype developed by William Fox Talbot and the gum bichromate process are but two methods apparently used by Richmond to create bromides whose etched and solarized images are uncanny reminders of early printmaking. A marvellous forest clearing with horses (18) containing thick, darkly toned foliage and sprays of dramatic light, echoes Constable at his best. A Maine farmer, silhouetted from below, photographed in 1981, could just as easily have been etched by Millet. There are powdery Turneresque sea squalls, Courbet landscapes and even a romantic Gothic image of jutting rocks and hazy fog. But one also observes strong reminders of Steichen and Evans.

Richmond's willingness to photograph the obvious and turn it into something visually enticing and grand, permeates the exhibit. There is no belligerency, no aggression, no social conflict. It is a pleasure to observe photographs whose content attempts to confirm the continuity of natural forces. This is coupled to the photographer's esthetic vision and his sensitivity to isolating and recording the moment. Worth seeing. (American Cultural Centre, 71 Hayarkon, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 10.

Glenn Richmond: photograph (U.S. Cultural Center, T.A.).

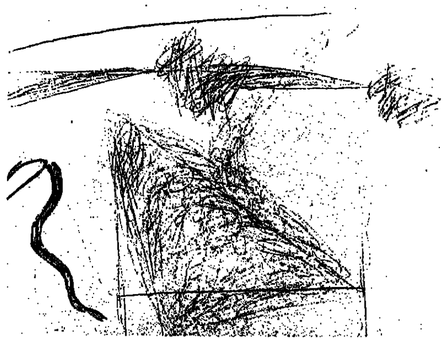
Jean David: "Lot."

RECENT WORKS by **Raffi Lavie** are very much like his not-so-recent works. The primary pictorial and technical elements of his loosely composed abstract paintings, raw plywood panels (square, neutral format) saturated with a diluted white ground and overlayed with graphite drawings (subject), retain their emblematic status in this exhibit; while his secondary ones, design additives such as applied newsprint, magazine proofs and written annotations, are this time limited to a single picture.

Lavie appears to achieve the maximum effect of creating a dialogue between line and field with the minimum of means, either because of his fantastic control over compositional forces and spatial tensions, or because of his utter familiarity with the problems, having solved them so often for so many years. He has become an extremely predictable painter, so much so that his art has reached the level of self-caricature. Sadly, the scribbled lines and slashes of pigment, relieved every so often by the warm pinkish-brown plywood backing peeping through the brush marks, have become distinctive clichés, mirror images of the past.

By maintaining this rigidity, Lavie pronounces and re-emphasizes his art educational credo, a philosophy of what he believes painting is all about. In a way, one can begin to view his exhibit as an act of aggression in which the repetitive painterly substance ("The Want of Matter") is positioned as a challenge, begging, once again, to be disproved or rejected.

After all these years, it would be nice to see what Lavie would do with a full colour range; how he would interpret a still life or render a figure. (Givon Fine Art, 35 Gordon, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 12.



Raffi Lavie: painting on plywood (Givon Fine Art, T.A.).

THE ENGLISH architect and artist James Hakewill (1778-1843) was an ardent traveller whose sketches, rendered first-hand as he toured, were used as the basis for watercolours or wash drawings which were in turn engraved, printed and sold in portfolio editions. Hakewill's tour of Italy in 1816-1817 led to a series of landscapes and architectural studies published in 1818 by John Murray after interpretive, yet topographically exact, watercolours by England's great 19th century Romantic painter, J. M. W. Turner.

The exhibit, *A Picturesque Tour of Italy: 1818-1820, J. M. W. Turner and J. Hakewill*, contains more than 60 plates, 36 historically-oriented landscapes and architectural city scenes, and 27 museum studies of Roman statuary. Each sheet, beautifully engraved and printed, is in pristine condition, making the experience that much more enjoyable and permitting one to fully appreciate the delicacy of the drawing and the finesse of the printing.

This kind of work, with its particular technique and methodology, was an important aspect of Turner's oeuvre (he created more than 19,000 watercolours and travel drawings). The Hakewill prints indicate the Turner who appreciated tradition and the Old Masters as much as he admired – and certainly practised – invention. The exhibit is being held with the cooperation of the Italian Cultural Institute. (Tel Aviv University Gallery, Mexico Bldg., Ramat Aviv Campus.)

COMMEMORATING THE 60th anniversary of the famous "Ohel" exhibits of "Modern Artists" living in Eretz Yisrael, the Rubin Museum has organized an exhibit that evokes those exciting early days from 1926 through 1928. Vintage photos, original catalogues and more than 70 works of art are on view. Among those included from the original 17 artists who formed the "Ohel" group are: Litvinovsky, Lubin, Rubin, Gutman, Zaritsky, Shemi, Tagger, Paldi and Frenkel. (Bet Rubin, 14 Bialik, Tel Aviv.) Till Feb. 12, 1987.

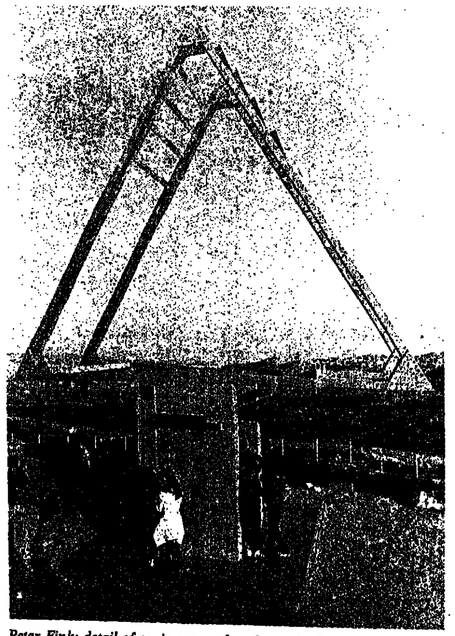
Benny Zilberman, paintings (Chelouche Gallery, 14 Chelouche, Neve Tzedek, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 11.

Avner Barchana shows drawings. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 14.

Rivka Kipnis, Avi Zukerman, Michal Auerbach Barzilai show works on paper. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 14.

Tamar Getter shows recent work. (Bograshov Gallery, 60 Bograshov, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 20.

Ilana Sagi and **Emanuel Bar-Kedma** in a two-person show with a common dialogue. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, Herzliya.)



Peter Fink: detail of environmental sculpture in the courtyard of the Goldsmith School, Neveh Ya'acov, Jerusalem. Dedicated this week, the work is a project of the Jerusalem Foundation. The young British sculptor secured the active cooperation and assistance of the pupils in designing and erecting his symbolic work, which purports to suggest the "unfinished, unrealized aspects of Zionism," while focusing attention on the presence of an Arab village on the horizon. Fink paid special tribute to Jerusalem contractor Shlomo Kotler, who donated materials and equipment.

Photo by Brian Hendler courtesy of the Jerusalem Foundation.

Deft wit of Jean David

Meir Ronnen

JEAN DAVID (b. Romania 1908, here since 1942), veteran painter, illustrator, mural decorator, shows four oils spanning the last two decades and a number of recent pastels and playful collages. His long suit is his sense of humour, which in mode lies somewhere between Paul Klee and Saul Steinberg, but it has deserted him in his large, rigidly symbolic oils of Jerusalem. But most of the smaller oil pastels and collage paintings on paper are playfully romantic or quiet rib-ticklers. There is a wicked dig to his use of an early Eretz Yisrael children's colour cutout, showing a richly dressed *effendi* handing an orange to an orthodox Jew: David entitles it "Selling the Pardess?".

David mixes pieces of embroidery with the rubbed-in oil pastel in a gently romantic series to the Song of Songs and also in another entitled "Dead Sea Visions". Best of the latter is a fine painting in uncharacteristic low-key colour, a formalised portrait entitled "Lot"; it is none the less effective for owing something to Klee. In the same series, his "Split Yellow Moon" cleverly employs a split wooden ball. All his works are impeccably, deftly made.

Two "self-portraits" are examples of David's self-deprecating wit. The simplest is made from a painted feather, a fair summing-up of David's light-hearted approach to depiction. (Fisher Hall, Mishkenot, J'lem). Till Dec. 10. Closed Saturdays and Mondays.

READERS HAVE complained to me that they always find the Fisher Hall closed. This is because it is not open daily; and also because the hours change on different days. The Alka Brown Gallery in Talpiot suffers from the same syndrome; and as potential visitors do not always carry gallery hours around with them, they are discouraged from "dropping in" when an opportunity presents itself. Artists using these two non-profit galleries should be aware that comparatively few people ever get to them. Talpiot reports almost nil attendance on weekdays.

YEHIESKIEL YARDENI shows new painted assemblages of found metal objects that, at first glance, one feels like dismissing as Old Junk, New Junk. A second glance convinces that even if few of the works are successful, most of them contain a number of original and interesting ideas. These are made from crumpled rusted sheetmetal and building wire and tubing. Some are hung from the wall, others sit on the floor; and the best one bridges wall and floor. The originality derives from Yardeni's method of setting each work on a painted area of the floor and in a painterly manner at that. It may be a gimick, but the notion establishes a whole new set of viable parameters. The weakness of the show is that Yardeni's placing – and more particularly painting – of the various parts of each work are quite arbitrary; there is no sense of there being a particular reason why one part should be painted in one colour or another painted at all. Yardeni should try again with fewer elements in each composition. At the moment, more is less. (Bezalel Academy Fine Arts Gallery, 68 Rehov Yermiyahu, J'lem). Till Dec. 4.□

Man with a mission

THE MAKING OF A PUBLIC MAN: A Memoir by Sol M. Linowitz. Boston, Toronto, Little, Brown. 258 pp. $19.95.

Gideon Rafael

SOL LINOWITZ is one of the builders of the giant Xerox Corporation. Whoever photocopies a page anywhere benefits from his skills, enterprise and tenacity. What Gutenberg did for printing, Linowitz and his colleagues did for photocopying. Some of the most dramatic chapters of his book tell the story of the long and pertinacious struggle of a handful of people to transform the invention of xerographic duplication into a mass-produced desk copier, whose trademark has become a household word all over the world. It is astounding to learn how much ingenuity, organization, legal talent and finance was invested until the machine became available for everybody's easy operation. It revolutionized office work, but also flooded the public with a torrent of documents, some of them better burnt than copied.

His engaging memoir is written with the modesty of a wholesome personality, the wit and wisdom of a committed Jew, the clarity of a great jurist, the sensitivity of a compassionate man and the realism of a corporation executive turned diplomat. He introduces the reader to the travails of American business competition, the inner workings of the Organization of American States, where he represented his country, and the intricacies of the autonomy negotiations between Egypt and Israel, which he mediated as President Carter's Special Representative.

In between he presided over a Presidential Commission on World Hunger, the National Urban Coalition, a leading law firm, and negotiated successfully the new Panama Canal treaties. In six months of high-intensity negotiations he accomplished, together with Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, what had eluded his predecessors in thirteen years of inconclusive talks. His description of how they coped with the vagaries of the negotiations, his firmness in dismissing specious claims, and his flexibility in responding to genuine legitimate concerns of the other side, can serve as a textbook for aspiring practitioners of diplomatic discourse.

THE AUTHOR'S account of President Carter's fight for congressional ratification of the Panama treaties, against heavy odds in the Senate, provides a revealing insight view into the functioning of the American political process. Together with other members of the administration, Linowitz crisscrossed the country, lobbying dissenting senators and public bodies, wielding his weighty influence, addressing national conventions and breaking bread with innumerable corporation executives and labour leaders. Indeed, rarely have so few breakfasted with so many in such a short time span, and with such dramatic effect. By April 1978 the Senate ratified the treaties, with the majority of one vote just above the required two-thirds majority.

Even before the struggle for the ratification had ended, President Carter offered Sol Linowitz the post of Special Presidential Representative for the Middle East to help expedite the peace negotiations between Egypt and Israel. He declined, and declined again when he was subsequently offered the cabinet post of Secretary of Commerce.

However, after Robert Strauss, who had acted as the president's representative in the Middle East, returned after six months to Washington, to organize Carter's re-election campaign, Linowitz yielded reluctantly to Carter's renewed urgings to accept the Middle East assignment. Unlike Strauss, who tried initially to convince the president of his disqualification for the post because of his Jewish origin and the fact "that he had never read the Bible," Sol Linowitz argued that "it might be unwise for the United States to be represented by a committed and involved Jew in an area where so many of the conflicts had a religious aspect." When Carter dismissed this argument, pointing out that Kissinger and Strauss had been able to operate in the Middle East, Linowitz answered: "My situation was different because my Jewish involvements were deeper than theirs. I was chairman of the board of the Jewish Theological Seminary, had been chairman of the executive board of the American Jewish Committee and had served in other Jewish leadership posts." But eventually he acceded to the president's summons.

THE CHAPTER entitled "Carter, Sadat and Begin," dealing with his mission in the Middle East, is, of course, of particular interest to the Israeli and probably also to the Arab reader. Linowitz's appointment as "Personal Representative of the President for the Middle East Peace Negotiations" was announced on November 6, 1979. It lasted fourteen months. Linowitz recalls his assignment as "the most interesting and exciting and uncertain of his life." It might also, so he believes, have been the most productive, "if the incoming Reagan administration had built in early 1981 on the foundations we had laid for them." Linowitz's principal task was to reconcile the opposing positions of Egypt and Israel on the institution of full autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians in accordance with the Camp David agreement.

He believes that an agreement on autonomy could have been achieved in 1981, "for the simplest of reasons, the leaders were Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin. They knew and respected each other." When in the future, documents and diaries become available, they may reveal a different picture on the nature of the relationship between the two leaders, and their true intentions which they refrained from confiding to each other. Still, Linowitz's contention is plausible, that a more assertive Reagan administration could have filled the gap which separated the positions of Begin and Sadat, had it shielded them with American power and prestige against internal and external opposition.

However, in his talks in Washington Linowitz realized that the new president, and his secretary of state Alexander Haig, had other priorities. The future action or inaction of the Reagan administration confirmed his initial impressions. The disengagement of the United States became even more pronounced by its failure to stabilize the situation in Lebanon by military and political means, and especially after the collapse – under Syrian pressure – of the comprehensive agreement between Lebanon and Israel reached only after the firm personal intervention by Secretary of State George Shultz.

Be that as it may, at the end of his mission Linowitz was convinced that considerable progress had been achieved in the Egyptian-Israeli autonomy negotiations. In a memorandum he gave to the president a week before Carter left office in January 1981, he listed no fewer than 25 areas where the two countries had agreed on powers and responsibilities to be granted to the Palestinian Self-Governing Authority. Reading this impressive list now, five years later, one is indeed inclined to ponder with the author whether it was really impossible to reach agreement on the remaining five major issues.

Since then the situation has further deteriorated. The three original signatories of the Camp David Accord have left the scene, the autonomy talks are suspended, and the positions of the parties on the Palestinian issue are farther removed from one another than ever.

While the stalemate lasted, the establishment of settlements in the administered territories progressed, deepening the differences on the future status of the West Bank and Gaza. Linowitz is of the opinion that Begin's rejection of a settlement "freeze" was the reason for the aggravation of Carter's relations with him, and also for the increasing tensions between Sadat and Begin. On the basis of Carter's personal diaries on the thirteen days at Camp David, which he confided to Linowitz's scrutiny, he concludes without doubt that "Carter fully believed that at Camp David, Begin had promised no further Israeli settlement for the duration of the autonomy negotiations." The president never forgave Begin for not having honoured this pledge, as he was entitled to understand it. Linowitz reports Begin's contradictory version, and carefully avoids passing judgement.

WITH AN exquisite sense of humour and perspicacity, Linowitz tells about some of his encounters with the dramatis personae. Testing Begin's sense of humour, known to be of a peculiar brand, he told him that every time he went home people wanted the answer to three questions: "Would there be peace in the Middle East? What was it like negotiating with the Israelis? Why did I like Menachem Begin?" When Begin asked what his answers were, Linowitz said: "Mr. Begin, the third question is the really tough one." He once explained to the prime minister why he and Israel were losing support abroad: "Sadat had the art of saying no and making it sound yes, whereas Begin would say yes and make it sound like no." Begin was proud of his legal training. He was flattered, and occasionally mitigated his intransigence, when Linowitz suggested to him they should discuss the controversial point "as one lawyer to another." But in reality Begin was, in Linowitz's opinion, "more a Talmudic disputer than an advocate for a practical brief."

Sadat's charm, single-mindedness and sociability endeared him to Linowitz as to most of his interlocutors. But his occasional "confidences" did not take him in. The author depicts with well-meaning and delicate tact the strength and weaknesses of Sadat, who believed that leaders should settle large matters, and force their subordinates to settle the details. He was somewhat allergic to "Begin's nit-picking and pettifoggery," saying once: "My cousin Menachem is so afraid, he does not realize we can do great things together." Tragically, Sadat was denied the realization of his grand designs, and so were his two other partners in peace.

The author served and observed from close two American presidents, Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter. He sketches their characters, doings and dealings with a few but revealing strokes, highlighting their accomplishments and failings. Having met leading personalities in many countries, Linowitz concludes that there are few leaders in the world today who "can move nations." He finds that "Anwar Sadat, Golda Meir and Helmut Schmidt were perhaps the last of them." A rather unusual, but none the less fascinating, trinity.

LINOWITZ DEALT with corporation executives from Tokyo to Buenos Aires, negotiated international disputes from Panama to Cairo, practised law with outstanding distinction, and established lifelong friendships with people of different background and origin. Only at the very end of his book does he reveal his own background. These pages offer a key to understand the making of this public man of compassion, commitment and competence.

He is the eldest of four brothers, all of whom ended up in Washington as professionals involved in public affairs. Sol grew up in a typical Russian Jewish immigrant family, "where values were taught and not rhetoric, where Jewishness was in the home and people helped each other, where the most important legacy was to give us education and the hardest, most painful part for my father was that he could not give us the financial help we needed." Their family home in Trenton, New Jersey, was flanked on one side by an Italian and on the other by an Irish family. The neighbourhood was not a melting pot, but a mosaic depicting the large American community. In a way, it was not dissimilar from the Israeli society formed by immigrants from more than a hundred countries.

The influx from America of people of the qualities of a Sol Linowitz would surely improve the calibre of the Israeli public man, and enrich the quality of our life. Until their arrival, we shall have to soldier on as best we can. And they will continue to give proof of their deep commitment to Israel. □

Synagogue

THE STORY OF THE SYNAGOGUE by Geoffrey Wigoder. Jerusalem, The Domino Press. 208 pp. No price stated.

Jeff Black

THIS BOOK carries the imprint of the Diaspora Museum; and of its 250 photographs, the majority come from the museum's collection. *The Story of the Synagogue* is in essence a coffee-table book, and a very pleasant one at that.

Geoffrey Wigoder, in short chapters devoted to either historical periods or geographical areas, presents a lively and all-embracing view of synagogues of those times and places. He does not allow himself to get sucked into academic disputes over when the synagogue originated, nor does he overburden the reader with the technicalities of synagogue architectural development.

The main feature of the book is its illustrations, and here is where it excels. For practically every point raised in the text, there is a well-placed photograph or an illustration to act as an example.

The only criticism one has is that perhaps some of the 50 colour plates included detract from rather than add to the book. For the most part, these plates are photographs of the synagogue models on display at the Diaspora Museum and, while there they impress, here they look like artificial models lacking the grace of the buildings they portray.

With regard to the text, there is at times a certain looseness which jars. Near the book's beginning Wigoder remarks, "A Jew of the first century would find himself at home in a synagogue of the twentieth." Yet only a page earlier he had remarked, about the synagogue's beginning, "there is no evidence that men and women were separated" at prayer. This surely makes a significant difference between synagogues two thousand years apart.

However, this is one of the few minor faults in a text that fairly races along in its successful attempt to give a clear and concise account of the development of the synagogue.

In his research, Wigoder has come across many interesting titbits, such as the way, in 1885, a Calcutta synagogue attempted to raise funds. In a manner familiar to all addicts of *mifal hapayis*, the synagogue held what a local paper termed "a holy lottery" and raffled off a Tora scroll. What the winner did with his prize is left unrecorded.

Moving to China, Wigoder notes that the name of the street in Kaifeng leading to that city's synagogue was called "Lane of the Pluck-Sinew Religion, which was how the local population called Judaism, after its method of preparing meat."

When the echo falls

SELECTED POEMS 1958-1984 by John Wieners. Santa Barbara, Black Sparrow Press. 317 pp. Price not stated.

Peter Cole

THE POEMS of John Wieners bear witness to what might be termed the first law of pathodynamics: longing swings back on its axis. In contrast to contemporary poetry's fashionable trend toward longing for a sentimentalized past or more vital present, Wieners' poems consider not only the object of longing – the arch-romantic subject – but the ground to which it returns and the context in which it is defined. In as much as his poetry is romantic, it is tempered both by his understanding of this "law," and,-it follows, by the accuracy with which he draws the concrete particulars of his largely underworld of nights, drugs, homosexual encounters and their aftermath.

Wieners broke into print in 1958 with a slim volume of eight ode-like poems written over a period of eight days in San Francisco's Hotel Wentley. It was an extraordinary debut, and *The Hotel Wentley Poems* stand among the most impassioned documents to come out of the Black Mountain school. Though Wieners credits both Charles Olson and Robert Creeley – under whom he studied there – as mentors, one would be hard-pressed to imagine a more vital transformation of what each had to offer:

Our age bereft of nobility
How can our faces show it?
I look for love.
My lips stand out
dry and cracked with want
of it.
Oh it is well.
My poem shall show the need for it.

Reading again through these poems at the beginning of his oeuvre, Wieners's youth (he was 24 at the time) is apparent both in what he doesn't manage texturally and in his tendency toward large statements that don't always carry the tone intended. One is nevertheless struck by the force and commitment of a voice pressed up against the lines of a poetry that was, and remains,

Only the score of a man's
struggle to stay with
what is his own, what
lies within him to do.

Without which is nothing,
for him or those who hear him...

His portraiture is clear, and these eight poems are among his most moving, but it is where the gesturing of *The Hotel Wentley Poems* leaves off that I feel Wieners' lasting poetry takes root.

Ace of Pentacles, published six years later, develops the characteristic edge and temper of the poetry that will continue on into the three subsequent volumes of *Pressed Wafer, Asylum Poems*, and *Nerves*. These collections are marked by an intensity that syllabically infuses the whole of each poem and the gathered poems of the various collections, more than they are dominated by any major pieces. For better and worse – and regardless of the image of the poet it leaves us with – Wieners' work has charted the progress and trial of desire, and his commitment as scribe has been unwavering. In this middle period, the formal, and what might be understood as classical, control of Wieners' stanzaic, pre-Hotel Wentley work, is brought to bear on subjects like that of "Strange":

Strange with women when
They find out you love men
More than they
Never let you kiss them
On the mouth again.

It's here as well that Wieners' empathy is developed. This, in combination with his ability to write as if sexually opposed to himself, is evident in his poems about – and as though through – women.

My Mother

talking to strange men on the subway
doesn't see me when she gets on,
at Washington Street
but I hide in a booth at the side
and watch her worried, strained face –
the few years she has got left.
Until at South Station
I lean over and say:
and with a woman
she wanted another one

I died in loneliness
of that I am not afraid

or in "The Patio," where a self-critical irony frames the poem:

I created eternity
to find you within it
A scheme worthy of the pope
to keep my prince

An ivory wall, have you seen it? there
as we travel on the road, together'd
shadows flit at twilight
we will not be one of them vespers
failing in confinement.
I built it. Where are you?

Both the title and the anticipated though nonetheless effective conclusion work as counterpoise to the poet's desire, as does – implicitly – the closely reined, non-metrical line which establishes a two stress standard only to run to a third stress in the third line and then return to the initial dimeter to close out the quatrain. The second stanza takes a rhythmic liberty that is matched semantically – the eye running along the pictured wall, road, and shadows. The last line of the stanza rejects the image of "together'd shadows" posited before it, and the concluding couplet returns to the tightness of the opening, doubled in the final line. Here, as elsewhere, Wieners' free verse rhythms are subtly constructed with an echo of regularity through them; one feels that regularity working centripetally, focusing the poet, and it is in the achieved clarity of emotion precisely located in a setting of realism and contemporary poetics that Wieners' distinction rests. He writes with an earned grace, "learned by sitting before labor, a labor of words, a labor of worth, a labor of wit."

HIS ROAD has been predictably uneasy. In and out of mental institutions, he has struggled all along to stay with what "lies within him to do." *Behind the State Capitol or Cincinnati Pike* (1975) and *She'd Turn on a Dime* (1984), along with two of the three interviews included in the appendix, are evidence of what Allen Ginsberg refers to in his foreword as "a shattered mind." The poems of this period pursue "a line of radical disengagement from rational or ostensible meaning," as editor Raymond Foye writes. They are, as one might expect, by far the weakest and most disappointing poems in the selection; few are more than impenetrable, and this, sadly, is by design. The strongest poem in the 1975 volume, "Hiatus," is not included here, perhaps because of its straightforward nature. (Neither is the earlier musical tour de force, "What Happened?" – which readers will have to copy in from the otherwise problematic 1972 Grossman *Selected Poems*.) More interesting are the poems in the section of previously unpublished work, which run through 1975, but are not individually dated.

For the last 28 years Wieners' poems have remained among the best-kept secrets in poetry's extended court. His unfashionable commitment to the loneness of the poem – "arm against the hard brown desk" – his vulnerability, the unsavoury setting of the poems, and the instances in which he does in fact fail to recover a poem from its sentimental drift, combine to make it unlikely that this *Selected Poems* will draw many new readers. Foye's effort does, however, make the body of Wieners' work available for the first time, and "The-guy-on-the-street-who-might-hold-open-a-door-for-you" in each of us whom Wieners lists among the people he writes for would do well to attend to these poems for their freshness of language and line, their sincerity, clarity, musicality and passion, and for knowledge of what poems such as "Removed Place" embody.

When the echo falls
one will dismiss it.
When it calls again
one will miss
it, falling in love with the present,
while one is able of it.
When the shadows enlarge, will one
enter it, or stay where
he is now. What will one do, how

□

Gentleman scholar

PIRKEI HAIM VEZICHRONOTH (Reminiscences) by Nathan Feinberg. Jerusalem, Keter. 282 pp. No price stated.

Susan Hattis Rolef

PROFESSOR FEINBERG, who last year celebrated his ninetieth birthday, was urged by his many friends and colleagues to put down in writing the experiences and anecdotes embodied in his conversation.

Feinberg represents a generation which sincerely believed in the highly legalistic international order introduced in the aftermath of World War I. He himself was closely involved with trying to make this order work in so far as the rights of minorities were concerned. In the years 1919-21, he had a post at the Ministry for Jewish Affairs in Lithuania, which was attempting to implement a policy of autonomy for the Jews. Feinberg was especially interested in its legal aspects. In retrospect, it could be said that this was all wasted effort, that, instead of trying to implement the unworkable, all available energy should have been channelled into convincing Jews to emigrate to Palestine.

TODAY, we may view as naive those who had so much faith in legalistic justice at that time, and be more sceptical than they about the extent to which International Law can resolve our problems. Yet his readers should certainly feel sympathy for Feinberg's concern about the disdain shown by the Knesset, the media and party circles for these principles of International Law. The most remarkable feature of these principles is the almost religious compliance with them, since World War II, of most states most of the time. For in the last resort these laws stand between us and the law of the jungle and international anarchy. Feinberg chastises Begin for his blatant misinterpretation of these principles, especially in connection with Israel's rights in the territories occupied since 1967 (and this despite Begin's legal training and general attitude).

I read with special interest Feinberg's chapter on Geneva, and the Institute of International Studies, where he taught, and where I was to study many years later – in a period when the main courses in International Law were given by an Egyptian of Palestinian origin, Professor Abi-Saab. Another engrossing chapter is on the Department of International Relations at the Hebrew University, which I was to join many years later as a lecturer, when the emphasis had shifted from International Law and Diplomatic History to Theory and Contemporary Affairs.

I prefer a good autobiography to more loosely organized reminiscences, for it appears to me that only a grasp of personality will help us to understand events. However, I enjoyed reading this book, written in a non-academic style by a man I have on occasion consulted on legal questions related to the Mandatory period, and who once criticized something I had written, in *The Jerusalem Post* on the Law of Return, so gently that it took me several days to realize I had been criticized. □

Perplexity Index

GOLDEN DOVES WITH SILVER DOTS: Semiotics and Textuality in Rabbinic Tradition by José Faur. Bloomington, Indiana University Press. 226 pp. $27.50.

Ammiel Alcalay

HAVING tracked the fate of this book closely, serving in the joint effort to find a publisher after first encountering it in manuscript several years ago, it is most gratifying finally to see the end result in the light of day, outside the circle of a few once dedicated admirers. In a curious way, as in many such cases, the book may have meant more to us then than it does now, as it begins (so one hopes) to gain meaning for others. Certainly readings, of any book, differ radically through circumstance. Maurice Blanchot has written of "exchanging a few emotional words" with Georges Bataille after "being convinced (overwhelmed to the point of silence) of what was unique" about one of Bataille's works: "I spoke not in the way you talk to an author about a book of his you admire, but in order to make him understand that such an encounter was enough for my entire life, just as the fact of having written the book should have been enough for his." But Blanchot goes on to say: "Admiration, reflection, comparison with other works – the things that perpetuate a book are the very things that flatten or equalize it." Herein, it seems to me, lies the raw, even aching problematic occupying the margins of Faur's remarkable work.

To begin: *Golden Doves with Silver Dots* is an unquestionable *tour de force*. I can think of no one whose erudition in rabbinics is matched by an equal erudition in science, philosophy, linguistics, structuralism and post-structuralist theory. And make no mistake about it, neither is this rabbinical erudition of the standardized academic kind we have not only come to expect but even come to think of as unsurpassable or thorough in its approach.

Faur, as an heir to a Hispano-Arabic tradition that didn't expire in either Babylonia or Spain (encased in some cordoned off museum-like space labelled the Golden Age) but flourished throughout the Near East, the Balkans and Western Europe until the 20th century, brings back to the mainstream of Jewish thought that which overwhelmingly *always has been* the mainstream of Jewish thought and rabbinic writing: an essentially textual, linguistic, encyclopedic and poetic approach that is more akin to non-Euclidean math, the New Physics, post-modern art and deconstruction than any of the correspondent "systems" Judaism has either been reduced to or boxed and packaged in since the time of Spinoza.

In *Spinoza and Interpretation*, David Shasha writes: "From a world of books comes a series of readings which seek to replace the Book with a set of mechanical operations translating into reason and ontology; the absence of linguistic theory exposes the non-Hebraic character of Spinoza's philosophy and contemplation replaces interpretation. Philosophy has rarely had to take the brunt of criticism for our 'real' problems, it is much too speculative for that, but I would positively assert that Spinoza was at the forefront of a (then) burgeoning tradition that created a world (even though creation is, for them, impossible) far more confused and embittered than the one it so swiftly and readily rejected. They even renamed the medieval period the 'dark' ages. For a tradition with such contempt for words, it is indeed odd they manipulated them so often."

As Faur points out in "Freedom, Language and Negativity," a chapter concentrating on Maimonides: "The philosopher approaches the truth as if it lies beyond the perimeter of the text and a context: truth is absolute, transcendental and all-embracing. For Maimonides there is no truth outside a text and context. A text – any text – demands an *a priori* commitment to its significance as the *sine qua non* for the possibility of interpretation; the text is a book, a particular book, 'the Book'."

Long past being engulfed in the wake of Finnegan ("Nomad may roam with Nabuch but let naaman laugh at Jordan! For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we have hanged our hearts in her trees; and we list, as she bibs us, by the waters of babalong"), and totally inundated by forms of "newspeak" so insidious we may no longer have the wherewithal to contain or even recognize a fraction of the complex occasions standing behind them, our more accurate avatars (Borges, Canetti, Derrida and Umberto Eco among them), may be writing new Guide(s) to the Perplexed, heralding a revival of that particularly medieval mix of tale and teller, sign and meaning, semiotics and semantics, in a way much closer to Faur's brilliant exegesis of the original sense of Maimonides' title, *Dalalat al Ha'irin*, which might translate better as Perplexity Index, a realm identified with the Desert, where "it is not possible to get one's bearings."

FAUR'S PROJECT has been to re-orient, regain one's bearings, and articulate what, until modernity, have been basic concepts of traditional Jewish thought, understood by a majority of Jews at varying levels: a few sub-headings of the five chapters comprising the book should give some sense of the range covered here: Visual and Auditory Thinking; Spatial and Successive Organization; Thought and Experience; Calling Upon the Name of God; Freedom and Creation; *Halakha* and *Haggada*; The Formulation of the Oral Law; "Written" and "Oral" Texts; Cosmology and the Tora; Authentication of Tradition; Transmission and Change.

These concepts are often conveyed with unparalleled clarity, as in the following: "'By excluding the vowels from the text of Scripture, Hebrew tradition was in fact excluding semiotic reading. It was also excluding parasitic exegesis, the type of static reading peculiar to the 'readerly' text discussed so brilliantly by Barthes. It is hardly possible to conceive a more 'unrendable' text than one made exclusively of consonants! The same distinction applies to the 'commentaries' on the Book. A commentary may be anaesthetic; its object is to make the text 'readable'; therefore, it presupposes literary innocence on the part of the reader. The 'explanations' are designed to act as a soporific whereby the reader surrenders his own criteria to that of the author and becomes totally passive. The 'unreadable' type of commentary presupposes total alertness. Its object is to point out hitherto unforeseen possibilities in the text, to formulate new alternatives by further perforating the original, and thus to raise the level of perplexity. This type of commentary bears no resemblance whatsoever to the original. It requires superior erudition and scholarly sophistication merely to note in what way it is actually expounding the original. Consider, for example, the Mishna and the Talmud, the most authoritative compilations of the oral law. Traditionally, they were considered the official *perush*, 'commentary', of the Tora. It is a remarkable fact that they bear absolutely no resemblance at all to the Tora, in either structure, language, or style."

THERE CAN be little doubt that *Golden Doves With Silver Dots* will become a classic amongst students of literature, literary theory and the history of ideas, providing fresh untainted access to the dense and luminous world of rabbinic thought; it is, as well, as Susan Handelman points out, a work that "both 'Orthodox' and 'non-Orthodox' Jewish scholars can read, admire, and learn from." Nevertheless, that aching sense alluded to earlier seems to point to the absent and ideal addressee of the book - the retreating and even disappearing exponents of traditional Jewish and particularly Sephardic thought Faur so eloquently interprets: the sages themselves, their students and congregations. Faur's primary concern is with meaning, yet where this meaning is both directed and received may serve as a more accurate indicator of just how critical an impasse the Jewish concept of community from which such thought emerged has come to. Blanchot writes: "Perhaps life continues," while Adorno wrote: "Our perspective of life has passed into an ideology which conceals the fact that there is life no longer." We remain stuck here, somewhere between the market (Mahane Yehuda), the street and the University, waiting for the now defunct House of Study, the traditional Beit Midrash that always stood between those two poles, serving as seed and filter, shield and garment, to reassert itself, put theory back into practice, re-process the oral tradition and read the vowels back into unintelligible consonantal texts. □

Children's books

Miriam Arad

TEACH'EM YOUNG is the slogan of five new books on the market: two encyclopedias, two concerned with music, and **Tefillat Hayeled**, compiled by Devorah Hacohen (A Child's Prayer. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. Illustrated by Alona Frankel. Unpaged). I wonder who *Tefillat Hayeled* is intended for, even though, as this is a second impression, it must have found a readership. It contains brief passages from the morning and evening services, from the various blessings to be said over food, for new clothes, on seeing a king or going on a journey, and a small selection of prayers for Sabbath and the Festivals, concluding with Independence Day (though for Mea She'arim kids it's not).

I should think that Orthodox parents would prefer to bring up their children on the *Siddur* proper, and this allows for Reform, Conservative, and secular teachers. These latter, again, might cock an eyebrow at the "we" of the book: "When we go to bed we say..." "Before a meal we say..." It's true that the alternatives – "a Jew says" "a religious Jew says" – are no better, while "one says" is hard to keep up for any length of time. It is also true that most secular children reveal a shocking ignorance of Judaism – its precepts, traditions, prayers, or even anything in the Bible save the hundred or so chapters they must "do" for their matriculation. Will starting at five with a prayer-*cum*-picture book such as this help? Will it produce little *hozrim bileshuva*? Maybe you can find your own answer to all these questions.

SAINT-SAËNS' *Carnaval des animaux* is the theme of **Carnaval Habayot** by Noa Blas (Givatayim, Massada. Illustrated by Amy Rubinger. Unpaged), text and pictures for children of 4-7, foreword for parents and teachers. A guide to this popular work, it may help teach a child that music is something to listen to rather than to provide a background noise. The foreword names the instrument used for each animal, and describes its function in a few words, e.g., "The double-bass presents the movements of the dancing elephant, and the piano plays the waltz rhythm." The text itself could have done with some revision by a professional writer (Noa Blas is a music teacher), but the pictures are humorous and imaginative, something a child will be pleased to keep his eyes on as he listens.

THE SAME cannot be said of **Hasippur Hamufla shel K'lei Hanegina** by Stephane Gris (The Wonderous Story of the Musical Instrument. Tel Aviv, R. Sirkis. Translated from the French by Lili Trofen – or Tropen, or Trouphen, etc. – 48 pp. NIS 18.40), which aims to introduce your tot to the instruments of the orchestra, what they look like and what they are called. The story... but never mind the story; it is only there to drag in more and yet more instruments, and makes precious little sense to me. In the end, a child may possibly remember the names of a few instruments but, as he'll have no idea of their sound, it hardly seems worth the trouble. Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* or Britten's *Young People's Guide to the Orchestra* would be a far better investment. What remains, then, is a large, colourful, cartoon-like picture book of musical instruments with faces and hands, and of Lady Harmony exposing considerable cleavage.

CHILDREN of nine and over who want to know a little about a lot will enjoy **Haencyclopedia Harishona Shel** by Simone Lamblin (My First Encyclopaedia. Massada. Illustrated by Christian Besiere – or maybe Baisiere. Translated – presumably from the French – by Avital Inbar. 95 pp.) With a bit of luck, it may even set them on the path of learning a lot about a little. The book covers three large themes – "Nature," "Society," and "The Earth and its Inhabitants" – each of which is divided into sub-sections. Under "Society," for instance, you find "How Are Houses Built?"; "Trade and Money"; "Energy"; "The Arts"; "The Media," etc. The index can send you scuttling all over the place. I looked and found "Judaism," "Light Year," and "Telephone," the latter under three different headings. I also looked up "Baby" and learnt exactly how babies are made, complete with a picture of a man and woman making love – a very decorous picture, in the best of taste. The pictures are a delight altogether: though not pretty, they are large and detailed, no end of things are happening in them, and they both illustrate and complement the text. Even children under nine will like exploring them.

"A HISTORY of the World" is the somewhat inaccurate title of **Korot Ha'olam**, one in a series of *Hedvat Hada'at* ("The Joy of Knowledge") encyclopedias. (James Mitchell, editor in chief; Dr. Yehoyakim Doron and Ilana Shamir, editors of the Hebrew version. Massada. Two vols., 129 + 133 pp. Illustrated. Unvowelled.) It is a history of mankind, or of civilization. How do you make an encyclopedia out of a history? By way of the "double-page unit," each dealing with a specific subject, presented in more or less chronological order.

A few examples, picked at random: "Society and Culture in Classical Greece," "Muhammad and the Spread of Islam," "The USSR after 1945." Each "unit" contains an article of about 800 words, a rich display of pictures, and cross-references to other "units." Prof. Michael Harsegor's introduction offers a brief survey of historical research and historiography, and dwells on such problems as how to get at historical truth through a maze of deliberate lies and falsifications, biased and embellished accounts.

The publishers call this a family book. You may, in a cynical mood, call it a TV-age, coffee-table, or bar-mitzva market book. I hasten to add that it is both interesting and very beautiful; and what's more, the double-page method, augmented by the index, is truly effective. □

Pace and insight

Lisa St. Aubin de Têran: evocative and utterly absorbing.

LISA ST. AUBIN de Terán's *The Bay of Silence* is as skilled and accomplished as her three earlier books, which include the prize-winning *Keepers of the House* and *The Slow Train to Milan*. The latest book is a series of internal monologues delivered by the two protagonists, Rosalind, a schizophrenic whose psychological problems stem from her incestuous relationship with her uncle as a child, and her husband William, solid and dependable, and himself escaping from an unhappy childhood.

The form of the novel is perfectly adapted to the content. The monologues exemplify the couple's relationship, for Rosalind, who is entirely self-obsessed, talks about herself to an unknown audience, whereas William addresses himself to his wife, and is as much concerned with her and their bizarre but convincing relationship as for himself. For such a rich and full novel, very little actually happens, the main events usually being delivered as narrative flashbacks by Rosalind, William, or both. On their honeymoon Rosalind meets a romantic and seductive Italian, and, when his son is later born to her, Rosalind's never entirely dormant guilt reasserts itself and threatens her marriage and her sanity.

Rosalind is a brilliantly conceived character, and through her de Terán reveals her mastery of pace and psychological insight. At an early stage Rosalind says "I am labelled a 'cured schizophrenic'. Let them label me, it's easier than arguing. Maybe, sometimes, a person really isn't aware of another being kept in her body and taking turns with her to do things." However, in the course of the book, Rosalind denies her condition and reaffirms her sanity just when she is most clearly losing her grip on reality. Her other children, twin daughters identical in both appearance and personality, exist both in their own right and as visible representations of the two halves of their mother's fragmented personality.

The Bay of Silence is as evocative and atmospheric as de Terán's other fiction, tightly constructed and utterly absorbing. It would certainly justify its place on de Terán's list of prizewinning novels.

GUY BELLAMY'S *The Nudists* is another very well-constructed novel. A witty and polished book about life's ironic reversals, it plays havoc with money, marriage and convention.

THE BAY OF SILENCE by Lisa St. Aubin de Terán. London, Jonathan Cape. 163 pp. £8.95.

THE NUDISTS by Guy Bellamy. London, Secker & Warburg. 294 pp. £9.50.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION by Stanley Middleton. London, Methuen. 214 pp. £3.95.

HUGGER MUGGER by Max Davidson. London, Heinemann. 185 pp. £9.95

LATER THE SAME DAY by Grace Paley. London, Virago. 211 pp. £8.95.

Frances Gertler

Poverty-stricken, the aspiring writer Nick Bannerman lives in an attic from which he observes and evaluates literally and figuratively the apparently wonderful life enjoyed by the beautiful and successful millionaire Brocks. Nick also envies Simon Venables for his clever and attractive wife Wendy, whom Simon in fact entirely fails to appreciate.

Soon it becomes clear that things are very much not what they seem, and are anyway about to undergo a thorough and drastic shake-up. Bannerman's is a world where one can rely on nothing, least of all oneself. Ben Brock's Midas touch suddenly and alarmingly fails him, but though he loses his fortune his fortitude earns the love and respect of his once-estranged wife, Pym. Simon Venables is also forced to reevaluate his situation when his advances are rejected by Pym, whom Simon had assumed would be an "easy lay" as she had once been a topless model. His pride and his value-system are shaken when he discovers that she is a highly moral woman, and a determinedly faithful wife.

The book's crowning irony, however, is Nick Bannerman, alone in his attic writing a vitriolic anti-feminist and especially anti-marriage book about the downtrodden husband. Predictably but necessarily, Nick falls in love with Simon's wife Wendy, and their ensuing happy and loving relationship threatens to make a mockery of both Nick and his book, which had been published to wild critical acclaim, and made him the champion of the male cause. This is a funny book about fickle fortune.

STANLEY MIDDLETON'S newest novel, *Valley of Decision*, is a far less successful, and even dull, portrait of the search for fulfilment and the pitfalls of marriage.

Set in English middle-class suburbia, it focuses on middle-class, conventional and ordinary David and Mary Blackwell. Too ordinary. This is an unconvincing and over-written tale of what happens to the couple's marriage when Mary goes to America on a six-month singing contract and thinks she has discovered there what life is all about.

When David's suspicion that Mary has embarked on an affair with her producer is confirmed, he is overcome by the most unconvincing grief: "Now that certainty had been established, his grief assumed physical attributes. Slightly sick, he staggered, his limbs pained, lacking strength; his eyes defined badly, wetted themselves; the head lolled above a cricked neck..." In fact it is all a true Middleton storm in a teacup as Mary finally returns and agrees to give the marriage another go.

MAX DAVIDSON'S *Hugger Mugger* is another novel bordering on the dull. Like the *Valley of Decision*, it focuses on a marriage where one partner, again the wife (Jo), has a vague sense of there being more to life than making sandwiches for her husband's bridge partners. Her husband indeed finds there is more to life when he embarks on an affair with his secretary, which gives Jo the impetus to set out alone and find an outlet for her nebulous yearnings and ideals.

The situation and its outcome are fairly typical. Weak and passive Jo becomes self-assertive only when she has been downtrodden, and charismatic, rocky Tony is quick to justify himself, and smug in his belief that Jo will come home soon enough. Unfortunately, I didn't care much either way.

GRACE PALEY'S seventeen stories, entitled *Later the Same Day*, is her first collection for over ten years, but, as the title implies, returns to her earlier themes and even characters. Despite their varied backgrounds and experiences, Paley's people and stories are united by the theme of survival, often in the face of overwhelming odds. Life's experiences teach many of Paley's most noble survivors to bow their will to the inevitable, and endure, taking and appreciating the best life has to offer.

Paley's many and varied preoccupations range from the domestic – marriage, children and growing old – to racial prejudice, bigotry, war and the growing nuclear threat. Whatever the theme, however, Paley infuses all her characters and situations with the same truth, accuracy and above all sympathy.

In "Dreamer in a Dead Language," an old man confronted by infirmity and death pathetically considers leaving the old age home he lives in with his wife, and setting out on his own to prove he is still strong and capable, which he patently is not. Here Paley reveals both the hopelessness and poignancy of his situation while yet leaving him with some dignity.

In "The Expensive Moment," Faith's conventional and even old-fashioned political convictions are exposed by those of her young revolutionary son. In fact, it is to this young and modern generation that this collection belongs. The old are passing on the reins to their offspring with a fervent desire that they "go forth with fear and courage and rage to save the world."

This is an impressive collection, both for its wide spectrum and for the honesty and courage which prevail throughout. □

Cruel and unusual

EVEN TO those unaware that John Toland is a well-known historian, the first few pages of his first novel will indicate that history is his field. Yet this huge book, weighing almost a kilo, is absorbing, both as fiction and fact.

Toland's canvas, covering the years 1936-45, is huge. The many characters, real and imagined, may be two-dimensional but they do breathe. They are pawns in the great Japanese-American struggle but, nonetheless, human. The flow of time engulfs some and leaves others no wiser, or better.

Toland tries to be fair, and to exhibit the weaknesses and miscalculations on both sides. He provides chapter and verse for his demonstration that there were many conflicting elements in Japan. The Emperor, for example, didn't want war. He makes the point, also, that the American ban on the importation of fuel by Japan gave its military men the leverage to plan their attack on Pearl Harbour.

He does not mince words. All the horrors of the scenes of war in the islands are there, captured in heart-tearing detail. The cruelties on both sides are described as if by eyewitnesses. The Japanese died because they believed survival and surrender would be a disgrace. The Americans died because of difficulties of terrain, and the mistakes of their generals, especially MacArthur.

GODS OF WAR by John Toland. London, Michael Joseph. 558 pp. £10.95.
SKELETON CREW by Stephen King. New York, Signet. 573 pp. $4.95.
SALKA by Marcelle Bernstein. London, Victor Gollancz. 318 pp. £9.95.

Dora Sowden

The render is left in no doubt about the poor opinion of MacArthur held by the American forces. His distorted reports, Roosevelt's tendency to avoid antagonizing his admirers, the madness of some Japanese leaders – all are woven into the fabric of the terrible years.

Toland understands how power can pervert the simple private taking a prisoner as much as it does the politician (or general) jockeying for position. He shows also how pity can go hand in hand with pride.

The story involves two families – Japanese and American – who have intermarried, and the hardships they suffer in the war-years. The devastation at Nagasaki is conveyed so graphically that the squeamish may choose to skip a few pages.

The author writes in his foreword: "Even the most scrupulously researched history can be only an approximation of the truth. And that is why I have turned to fiction...Despite that, I believe that the story....is as real as, if not more real, than formal history."

STEPHEN KING calls his new book *Skeleton Crew*, though I didn't discover one in the twenty short stories and two verse pieces making up this book. The invention of such titles is just one way he has of giving you goose-flesh. It may be best, if you are alone and lonely, highly-strung or easily-agitated, not to read these shockers at night. It is definitely not a tranquillizer.

Alternatively, you could start with the last story, "The Reach" where King shows that he can write about tenderness also. It is the story of a woman who has turned 95 but never left the island on which she lives, though in some winters "the reach" – the stretch of water between the island and the mainland – froze over hard enough to walk on.

Her explanation: "I have always had everything I wanted right here." She has begun to see ghosts, especially one of the husband she loved. He tells her dying isn't that bad. So, in the freezing winter, she puts on her son's cap with the earflaps and crosses the ice with her friendly ghosts.

The other stories offer the most gruesome scenarios ever devised by a devilish clever imagination. Unspeakable creatures somehow emerge from an experimental station, and swallow anything live that comes within their toils ("The Mist"); an unnameable something comes out of the water, and absorbs a group of young people out for a swim in the dark ("The Raft"); a brilliant surgeon washed up on a barren island consumes himself piecemeal ("Survivor Type"). Less blood-gelling is "Mrs. Todd's Shortcut," a tale of love and magic, but "Uncle Otto's Truck" deals in murder and delusion. "The Monkey" is about the supernatural, and "The Jaunt" is sci-fi.

The author has the saving grace of being a master story-teller, and makes everything seem credible – until the mind shakes itself free of his inventions. That is surely the test of a writer's craft and gift.

FOR THE first ten chapters or so of *Salka*, the author seems to be pushing her characters along in an inconclusive way. But hold on. Suddenly the stilted dialogue loosens up, the stiff style softens, and Marcelle Bernstein's heroine becomes credible.

The author still has a penchant for what theatre people used to call "the gentleman with the duster" technique (perhaps they still do): you know, a butler telling a maid in the first scene just what the audience ought to know about the household. For instance, when the family with whom Salka lives goes to Baden-Baden, the place is described like an advertisement.

However, the patient reader will be rewarded with a good and moving story about a girl whom poverty and pogroms convey from Russia to relatives in Hamburg. She marries in Vienna. After many trials, which include marital unhappiness, she emerges as a woman astute in banking. At the conclusion of the novel, she is beautiful, 30 and a widow – now obviously braced for a sequel. □

Janus

WITH PREJUDICE
Alex Berlyne

"MONK, 52. Named as Primate." "Robbers Eat Then Hold up Cashier" – the late Theodore M. Bernstein called this sort of thing Two-faced Heads in an occasional newsletter he produced for fellow-staffers on *The New York Times*. Bernstein's allusion to Janus echoes Sheridan's lines on the origin of the pun:

Once on a Time in Merry Mood
Jove made a Pun of flesh and blood
A double two-faced living creature
Androgynos, of twofold Nature.

Their fascination lies in the way these statements make you realize the essential ambiguity of language, that there are single words for different things and different words for single things. To pun is to treat homonyms as synonyms; and it is ridiculously easy to fall into the trap while reading the most mundane items:

"Men required by expanding contracting company" appeared in a classified ad placed in the *Brisbane Telegraph*, for example. It was nice to know that they were fast becoming a large undertaking, unlike some undertakers who just don't deserve to succeed. John Maule was caught driving a hearse at 102 mph with a corpse in the back, the *Daily Telegraph* reported, "and was given a stiff fine."

There was no mention of a speed limit, however, in an item that appeared in the *West Essex Gazette*, but it was reported that in future all buses from Loughton Garage would be single-deckers "to keep down the overheads."

Gerard Manley Hopkins, the poet, literally believed in the magic of word-play. I twigged what he meant when I came across an outpatient's appointment card from Edgware General Hospital. "Bring this with you," it advised "or you will not be seen," evidently an updated, rather upended version of the magic cloak that confers invisibility in the fairy stories.

Just to make things more complicated, English has a number of homonymous antonyms such as "clip" and "cleave," both of which mean at one and the same time to cut off and to fasten together, so much so that I find it a relief to come across words which mean one specific thing only and nothing else.

This, of course, can be carried to excess in some languages. *Baffona*, according to Hoare's *Short Italian Dictionary*, means "a woman with a not unpleasing moustache," and I recently came across *Verbunkos*, which is "the dance performed to persuade people to enlist in the Hungarian army."

It has been estimated that there are approximately 3,000 examples of word-play in Shakespeare and that *Finnegans Wake* includes more than 50,000 puns in 12 languages, some of them having as many as five layers of meaning.

Though Aristotle held in his *Rhetoric* that several forms of *paronomasia* might be permissible in elegant writing, I can only assume that he excluded the kind that are the daily bread and butter of the popular press.

JOURNALISM, of course, has a jargon of its own, quite apart from the journalese that appears in print. Some hacks can't open their mouths without peppering their speech with "sidebars," "literals," "sub-decks" and "crossheads." It would be unpardonable simply to ask the photo archive for a picture of someone in the news; it has to be a "headshot," which once led Reuters to advise its subscribers that they were about to send a Wirephoto "headshot of a man guillotined for the murder of a young child."

Some time ago, an American newspaperman-turned-novelist, Arnold Sawislak, suggested that someone ought to do a Ph.D. thesis on the sexual overtones of newspaper jargon, citing such examples as "insert a graf," "bed to come," "hold for release" and "boldface box."

There must be a connection here with the gutter press, which has long been obsessed with sex as the number one circulation-builder.

So long, in fact, that in the *Dunciad*, Pope depicted journalists diving for their unsavoury subject-matter in the River Fleet, from which the British press collectively gets its name.

To where Fleetditch with disembo-guing strems
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames...
..."Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excels,
Who flings most filth, and wide pollats around...

The Americans were quick to follow the great tradition established in Fleet Street. When James Gordon Bennett took over the *Herald* in 1867, he quickly turned it into a moneymaker – in a period, mind you, when people referred to legs as "nether limbs" by interviewing such celebrities as Rosina Townsend, a brothel-keeper. When Rosina was subsequently discovered to have employed what Edmund Burke once tactfully called "an economy of truth," Bennett pilloried her viciously in immodest verse:

Rosina's parts for all mankind
Were open, rare, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here their first entry made.

Many years later, the *Herald Tribune*, as it had become after a merger, was still at it and, I have to admit, often showed strokes of genius in crafting headlines such as "Girl Seduced Atop 65-ft Flagpole;" one of the finest examples I've ever come across. Hacks long practised in this sort of thing would slug the headline, "Cyprus Sex-knot Slays Four" on *Othello*.

The art has been taken to its logical conclusion in Tabloid Valley, Florida, the home of the *National Enquirer*, the *National Examiner* and others that are stacked at every supermarket's check-out counters. Not surprisingly, many of the staffers on these American papers learned their trade in Fleet Street and, apparently, majored in Burke's Economy. As a result, Tabloid Valley has become famous not only for catchy headlines such as, "I sold My Baby to UFO Aliens" but others more in the grand old Fleet Street tradition. Among these outrageous attention-grabbers, I would give First Prize to "My Sexy Husband Has Two Heads" and an Honorary Mention to "JFK Bugged Jackie's Bra."

As far as I know, the only journal that is perfectly frank about its editorial policy is *Smut*, a New York porn magazine whose slogan parodies the *New York Times's* "All The News That's Fit to Print" (sometimes interpreted more truthfully as, "All the News That Fits We Print"). *Smut* proudly advertises, "All the Kink That's Fit to Ink."

IT WAS more usual, however, for a newspaper to conceal the prurience behind a hypocritical mask of morality. The *News of the World*, for example, which has been required Sunday reading for generations of Britons, would go into the most lascivious detail about some squalid crime and then, in a fit of rectitude, remind its readers that Crime Does Not Pay: "As stated", they would sum up righteously, "Berlyne was sentenced to seven years' hard labour."

When a confessed homosexual, Peter Tatchell, stood for election in Bermondsey last year, the *News of the World* not only let it be known around the constituency that a reward of £3,000 would be paid to anyone who could provide a good story about him, but also, taking Pope's words quite literally, sifted through his garbage in hope of finding a damning piece of evidence.

Their finest hour came some four years ago, when they found a story that seemed as if it had been programmed for the dirty-raincoat brigade. It had all the elements: a verger at Exeter Cathedral who was gay, and not only on the local boy scouts' committee but a Satanist addicted to organizing naked orgies after dark behind the high altar and also – and this is what made it so perfectly blissikins for the *News of the World's* hacks – it had the absolutely essential royal angle, however peripheral: Prince Charles was a patron of the cathedral restoration fund.

The paper now belongs, of course, to Rupert Murdoch, the Dirty Digger, who also owns the *New York Post;* and his influence on American popular journalism was neatly summed up by a Bloomingdale's executive who was asked to give more advertising to the paper.

"But Rupert, Rupert," he wailed, "your readers are my shoplifters!"

MAIS REVENONS à nos moutons (and don't forget to try our celebrated red-currant sauce). I've given some indication of just how zealously some papers rake the muck in order to serve the reader with lewd, gross, immodest, indelicate, ribald, indecent, obscene, lustful, concupiscent, immoral, salacious and lecherous items – as conscientiously, in fact, as I've combed Roget's *Thesaurus* for these synonyms.

They could have saved their breaths to cool their porridge, for without any effort whatsoever on their part, the press is already full of quite unintentional eyebrow-raising items simply as a result of those felicitous ambiguities I mentioned earlier.

I'll give you a sample to begin with, and deal with the phenomenon more thoroughly next week. Rush down to your friendly neighbourhood newsagent and order your copy now. *(How many times do you think they're going to fall for that trick? Ed.)*

"LARGE ERECTIONS worry councillors," the *Killmore Free Press* once revealed in a page one headline; then in a splendid burst of imagination added another deck, "Size should be advertised."

They had reason to be worried, judging by the curious item that appeared in the *Andover News*. "A thief using what the police described as 'a long instrument'," the paper said, "managed to steal £20 worth of contraceptives from Roy's gents' hairdressers in Swan Court over the weekend."

What a drag

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky

THE PRESS and TV have astonished the nation by publicizing excerpts from Mordechai Vanunu's diaries. Since it is this column's sworn duty never to be outscooped, we have, at great expense and risk of limb, acquired the secret diaries of "Cindy," the mysterious blonde Mossad agent who honey-trapped the renegade nuclear technician and smuggled him back to Israel. Prepare to be astonished all over again.

September 16 – Much excitement. After months on the shelf, I'm called in today by M and given a field assignment. I am told very little, of course, but I gather that I'll be going abroad shortly to arrange an Eichmann Express. The mystery deepens when M hands me a videotape and tells me to study it day and night. *Tootsie?* Has Menahem Golan contracted us to kidnap Dustin Hoffman?

September 23 – It's as I feared. I have to play "Cindy," a glamorous American blonde bombshell. I tell M frankly that I hate this sort of assignment. I say shaving my legs every day and hobbling around in high heels are not my idea of being a Mossad agent.

M pats my hand sympathetically, and reminds me how we all have to sacrifice for the good of the service. Then he smiles and says that from the way I'm weeping into my handkerchief I must have absorbed a lot from the videotape. I'm cheered; M does not hand out compliments easily.

M then asks me to return *Tootsie* to the rental library, as the overdue charges are mounting up, and gives me a manual to memorize: *How to be a Jewish American Princess.*

September 30 – I pass all the tests. Spend Friday making the rounds of Jerusalem's burger joints, donut shops and chocolate-chip cookie stands. Everyone thinks I'm a genuine JAP. M is especially impressed at Carvel's, where I whine about the lack of fudge ripple. In the evening I participate in a Reform service. Afterwards, the rabbi invites me to join her regular Feminyan.

Saturday evening I go to the big Peace Now rally. All my pinko leftie Mossad pals naturally are there – God, if Geula only knew! – but my drag outfit fools everyone. One heavy breather from the Mapam Young Guard even invites me back to his apartment to hear his Paul Robeson records, but I decline. My shoes are killing me. Must get support hose.

October 3 – Into the field! Today M hands me my phony American "Cindy" passport, an airline ticket to Australia and a sealed envelope. Inside the envelope, he says, is an address and an 8x10 glossy of my quarry. When my plane is over the Pacific at 39,000 feet, I'm to go into the ladies and open the envelope, then memorize the contents and swallow everything – instructions, photo, envelope and all.

This is highly unusual – economy measures have had us recycling envelopes for at least a year. So I know my target must be somebody really important.

Good heavens, am I to be bait for Abu Nidal himself? I hope not. I hear he's a terror in bed.

October 4 – In the loo of the Quantas jumbo, 39,000 feet over the Pacific. Can this be correct? I'm to proceed to a church and locate – a converted Moroccan *yored?* To face charges back in Israel? Say, isn't Rabbi Peretz going a little overboard?

Damn. I've broken a nail.

October 6 – I attend the church service, surreptitiously scanning the congregation for my prey. All 100 per cent pure-beef goyim as far as I can tell. One of the altar boys winks at me and makes an obscene motion under his cassock, but I ignore him, concentrating on my missal. Luckily they're not calling any women up for *aliyot* – I don't do a Strine accent very well.

Chilly in this cathedral. Should have worn my wool skirt and that ravishing plum-coloured mohair sweater-set.

Later I follow the congregation outside, where everyone stampedes to the pubs across the street. That's Down Under for you. I choose a pub and come in from the cold. Hoping my man will show, I nurse an orange juice all afternoon. Finally there's no one at the bar but this tall kangaroo sinking pints of Pilsner. I gather my purse and decide to call it a day.

Just as I reach the swinging doors, the marsupial mutters under his breath: "The moon is made of cream cheese." Without turning around, I take out my compact and proceed to powder my nose. In the mirror I see the kangaroo open his pouch. I almost dismiss this as another rude Australian gesture when I notice that the label inside the pouch bears an address: NODNOL, LETOH NOTGNISNEK.

October 5, 6 or 7 – Haven't sorted out yet whether I've gained or lost a day recrossing the international dateline. No matter – the kangaroo's tip pays off! I check into London's Kensington Hotel, and sure enough, as I'm touching up my eyeliner at the desk, my mirror reveals the name UNUNAV IAHCEDROM in the register. We're closing in!

October 10 – Contact! At breakfast in the hotel dining room, I catch my quarry moping over his cold porridge and greasy bacon. I take my cue, sighing aloud for *shakshuka*. The sucker's hooked. In a moment he's at my table, and I'm chattering away in my best Valley Girl voice about this great Moroccan cook on my daddy's yacht and how I just can't wait to meet up with them on the Riviera and sink my teeth into some of that *couscous* and *melawah* and Moroccan cigars....

Between my American passport, my blonde curls, my size 38 bazooms and the promise of all that Casablanca cuisine, this is going to be pitifully easy. Darn, I won't even have time to stock up on pantyhose at Marks and Sparks. □

GO FOR THE RED AND THE GOLD

BROADWAY

WARNING - The Ministry of Health has determined that smoking is harmful to health

LEAN PICKINGS

FOCUS ON FASHION / Greer Fay Cashman

A whisper of taffeta: O'Dulia

Long and lean and black: Retro

IF YOUR age is somewhere between 35 and 45, you are probably engaging in the same fashion arguments with your daughter as you had with your mother. Only this time it's you who's complaining that the mini skirts are too short; the shiny fabrics too gaudy; and the fabric mixes too weird, while the proportions are just plain unesthetic. Those nailhead studded jackets that you're trying to dissuade your daughter from wearing because they're too masculine are much the same as the ones your mother refused to buy for you because they were not feminine.

For all of us who grew up in the 1960s, there is a certain familiarity, an unmistakable sense of *deja vu* in the so-called new trends. High technology has made a difference. What we see now is not exactly the same as the glittering lurex, gleaming lycra, ribbed knit and sturdy denim garments that were so important to us then. But the look, the general impression, of *then*, has moved into NOW.

If you haven't started shopping yet for your winter wardrobe, take a long, honest look at your figure in a full-length mirror before you go out to buy. Don't let fashion make a fool of you. If you're short, heavier than you want and perhaps tend towards a wide-angled seat, then the foremost shape for winter, the long lean silhouette, is not for you. Forget it. You weren't born to be slinky.

Tall, slim women will relish the neo-classic tailoring of this winter's fashion which enhances natural assets and the feminine mystique. In their most elegant versions, the classics comprise fitted jackets over narrow skirts, but designers have also taken into account that not everyone can wear streamlined clothes and have therefore included eased and unconstructed shapes in town and country lines.

Jerry Melitz who produced the winter collection for Maskit, has given consideration to the fuller woman who likes to dress well. The Chanel jacket, which can be worn by just about anyone, dominates the range.

Melitz keeps his skirt lengths well below the knee, unlike most other designers, who gravitate from mid-thigh to ankle.

WINTER dressing will be characterized by a splendid leeway for individuality. There are no rules – just trends and options ranging from urbane to urchin; sophisticated to sloppy; regal to rough; slim to swirling; long to lopped.

Delicate laces and organzas, together with whispering taffetas, are married to denim and leather. Nailheads, rhinestones, sequins and

(Continued on page B)

Streamlined and unconstructed: Mif

Focus on fashion (Continued from page A)

(Clockwise from above left): *Trapeze dress: Romline. On the nail denims: Image. Graphic black and white: Liz. Waist away: Miss Lagotte. Return of the classics: Jerry Mellitz.*

scattered tinsel appear on satin, silk, leather, denim and sweatshirting. Crazy patchworks, both rough and smooth in texture, metallic appliques and embroideries will also be conspicuous.

The lingerie concepts translated into outerwear in summer are making the transition into winter, and it's quite acceptable to wear a frilled lace petticoat-style skirt with a leather interpretation of a baseball jacket or a heavy linen safari jacket.

Also lingering from the summer are the sarong inspirations. There will be a profusion of swathed skirts in fine wools, crepes and satins. In general, skirts are close to the body – wrapped or snapped – and often split almost all the way to hip level to allow for comfortable movement. Though sheaths have a monopoly, there are plenty of gathered skirts, dirndls and cloches. Skirts are often narrow to the knee and then fan out in trumpet shapes. Hip yokes, dipping down into triangular points, are a common feature in skirts of all widths.

THE MOST ubiquitous item of outer wear will be the trench coat, followed closely by the gold-buttoned, double breasted blazer in traditional fabrics such as tweeds, houndstooth checks, plaids and stripes, as well as in brushed cottons, denims, velvets and, believe it or not, printed silks and satins.

Pleats are an important detail in both skirts and jackets. The latter appear as neat little boleros and grow in volume and variety to safari, battle dress, tuxedo, redingote, workshirt, peplum, smoking, etc.

Suits are back in vogue: two and three piece ensembles, in matching and mismatched combinations. Sleek ribbed tights and second-skin sweaters are strong on the knitwear scene, providing essential underpinnings for exciting graphic knitted sweaters with a vital Scandinavian impact. Peruvian influences have also crept into knits. Oversized cardigans abound and are worn with aplomb over both mini and midi length skirts. Twin sets are hot news.

Belts are a cinch. Both waist and hip accents are making important fashion statements.

IF ALL this has confused you, take heart. The dizzying choice just means that you're likely to find the trends that are right for you. It would be much more confusing to describe all that is available, but some advice is in order. Start with the following essentials for your winter wardrobe:

A little black dress.

A denim skirt and jacket.

A brightly coloured blazer or cardigan coat.

A belt with a fancy silver buckle.

For formal dressing, with just a touch of cheeky chic, O'Dalia's velvet dresses and suits with brocade or taffeta trim set the right tone for a gala occasion.

If you can afford it, leatherwear is worth adding to your winter wardrobe, because leather with the right accessories can be either formal or informal and stands up very well to wear. D.R. Jordan offers a choice of strictly feminine styles, as well as sportive coats and jackets. For the bride who wants to get away from satin and lace, D.R. Jordan can provide a white leather wedding outfit.

Seasons come and go but warm-ups stay with slight variations on a well-worn theme. Yafit this season is introducing a rounder and deeper arm-hole which adds greater fashion appeal to winter basics. □

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Souls in torment

AHAREI HANESHEF HASHNATI. Adapted and directed by Moshe Kalif from a story by Amalia Cahana-Carmon. Music: Derli Harzon; Solo Saxophone – Neomi Feldman: At Neveh Tzedek Theatre, Tel Aviv.

FINE HEBREW fiction is on the rise, as those who read the Hebrew novel must have noticed. The upward trend, however, has yet to be matched in the new Hebrew play, where no perceptible progress in quality, as against quantity, is evident. This may account for an increase in the present-day plays that are make-overs of contemporary novels.

By now, playwrighting is a respectable and recognized profession with its own association to represent it. The adaptation of novels for the stage, is, on the other hand, a less creative craft that tempts too many whose theatrical qualifications lie rightfully outside of writing. If writing plays takes talent, adapting them demands skills, techniques and crafting of quite another kind. Anyone who tries his hand at it without proper preparation takes a risk.

Many fall into the trap and fail. Moshe Kalif, an actor – his sensitive study of Dostoevsky was running until recently – is one of those who has taken the risk and, to a certain extent, succeeded.

Ahorei Haneshef Hashnati (Literally: *After the Annual Ball*) is an original, if not perfectly-achieved, piece of theatre. It is the story of two simple souls, both loners born to be losers, trapped in a tragic love. She is, 18, an orphan, dewy-eyed, drunk on romantic illusions. He is 40, a railway worker with an insatiable appetite for sado-masochistic sex, and there is a wife literally driven mad by his demands. For the girl, he is the fulfilment of all her adolescent dreams.

For him, she is a love that sours into insane addiction. For he believes in, and vaunts over her, his invincible virility, and soon has her enslaved as a priestess in his private sexual shrine. Together, they elevate their passion to an almost spiritual level in an attempt to transcend the dreary, workaday reality of their lives.

What follows is the disintegration of two souls, a study of how a man and woman become enmeshed in the toils of a tired lust. It ends, not in exhaustion, but in psycho-moral tragedy. For finally, both lose their mutual self-respect, and the girl, her reason.

THERE'S BEEN rather a run of physical and psychic violence on our stages in the last two months – muggers, rapists, drug-addicts, terrorists, not to mention lesbians and homosexuals *in extremis*. The outrage enacted here has, however, quite a different slant. There should be no misunderstanding. This is no projection of "purple passion." Erotic, unabashed as is the staged style of the sexual struggle, it is not done for cheap kicks.

At the most, all it arouses is compassion and a certain understanding for a poignant human situation.

Rarely do people expose such mutually destructive liaisons, unless, perhaps, on the clinician's couch. Yet it is more or less the story of the majority of women who land up seeking refuge in the shelters for battered wives.

The performance is executed with an intensity that is flawless and sustained throughout. The two tormented figures hold the stage in slowly expanding paroxysms of sensuality, and agonies of increasing self-awareness that make the pain and humiliation of their situation palpable to all.

Fabiana Meyohas as the sweet, simple-hearted Sara Jane, growing out of innocence into damaged womanhood, gives a beautifully modulated performance, replete with sincerity and subtlety. Playing opposite her is Avraham Selektar with a powerful evocation of the many-textured, much-troubled personality that lurks beneath the burly exterior of the mean-mouthed lover. The paranoia, sex and power lusts, vanity and vulnerability that dominate him are magnified to monstrous proportions. The tension between the two never fails or flags.

KALIF HAS done a delicate, sensitive job of rendering the lyrical, poetic quality of Cahana-Carmon's text. He has not shirked the challenge of transferring the mystique of a difficult author whose involuted poetic prose, together with the intricate psychic pattern of her characters, does not make her the most tractable material from the point of view of the theatre.

His is a gallant attempt at a dramatization, which, if not always theatrically effective, is always faithful to the literary source. Such respect, not to say reverence for the text, is rare among directors. Kalif, working within the limits he has set himself, certainly shows a rare theatrical sensibility here. It is a breakaway from the blinkered formula that binds most adaptations.

If it does not always work equally well in all places, it does point to a new direction in literary transplants to the stage. A "speaking" novel, you might call it, a unique genre where old-new literary devices such as the interior monologue find their dramatized equivalents in the play.

It is true that at times literary purity is preserved at the expense of theatrical quality. One of the salient weaknesses of the method is seen in the over-elliptical treatment of the story. The time-shifts projected in swiftly sliding shots are sometimes jumpy, suggesting a discontinuity that detracts from the generally measured pace of the development.

But all in all, this was a deeply moving stage experience. The dedication to intellectual quality and artistic execution by a devoted actor-director trio, the subtle and sophisticated approach to a theme generally taboo, was compensation enough to me for any drawbacks in the adaptation. □

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This Week in Israel·Th
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Ketef Hinnom — Includes The Priestly Blessing. The oldest Biblical Inscriptions and other objects.

A MAN AND HIS LAND: THE MOSHE DAYAN COLLECTION (Goldman-Schwartz Hall). Anthropoid coffins, human figurines, animal statuettes and dozens of other artifacts.

Kakiemon — 400 Years of Japanese Porcelain Tradition, courtesy of Embassy of Japan (Selma Picciotto Gallery for Asian Art).
Animals in Ancient Art — The Leo Mildenberg Collection, spanning 5,000 years from the countries of the Mediterranean Basin - The Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum.
Ancient Glass — Commemorating 10th anniversary of the passing of Eliyahu Dobkin (Eliyahu Dobkin Pavilion of Ancient Glass).
The Idea in Form — Silver table designs by over 30 internationally known designers from the Cleto Munari Collection (Palovsky Design Pavilion) - until 6/12.
Three Japanese Designers — New graphics by Andoh and Enokido plus product design by GK Industrial Design Associates (Palovsky Design Pavilion) - until 6/12.
Bethlehem Embroidery — Dresses and costume parts showing the development of this regional style (Margulies Hall).
Minus One Dimension — 20th Century Sculptors' Drawings: Including works by Giacometti, Picasso, and Brancusi (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Gallery) - until 15/12.
Photography in Nature — Presentation from the students of the summer photography program (Ruth Youth Wing).
Big and Small — Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).
Jewels of Children's Literature — celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award - outside Youth Wing library.
Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).
Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica, Ethnic Art and Shrine of the Book with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

EVENTS
SPECIAL EVENTS
Sat. Nov. 29 at 8:30 pm SERIES OF "COUPLES" — SONATA VERSUS CANTATA: Israel Baroque Players at the Ticho House.
Tues. Dec. 2 at 7:15 pm THE DAYAN COLLECTION: Guided Tour in Hebrew with Tallay Ornan.
Tues. Dec. 2 at 8:30 pm KOL BERAMA: Community singing in Hebrew with Shlomo Shavit, vocalist Miki Gavrielov and Itzik Levi on flute.

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Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16:30.
Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00 Judaica-Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.
Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13:30, Tues. 15:00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS
Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am — 5 pm; Tues. 4 pm — 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book: Tues. 10 am — 10 pm); Fri. Sat. 10 am — 2 pm; Art Garden 10 am — sunset.
Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am — 1 pm.
Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum: Sun. — Thurs. 10 am — 5 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am — 2 pm.

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This Week

Dance Dora Sowden

Folk in focus

FOR ABOUT 100 people in Jerusalem, Thursday night is dance night at the Tel-Or Hall downtown – not just any sort of dance but genuine folk dance from all over the world. From 8 p.m., people begin to drop in and follow the instructions and demonstrations of Cyrelle Forman-Soffer – and they surely love what they do.

Forman-Soffer is nothing if not versatile. She has degrees in art history and library science, and has studied folk dance with international experts in the United States and Europe, including the Balkans. She has also taken courses in modern dance, Tai-Chi, Indian dance and made a special study of Israeli dance both here and in New York (with the late Fred Berk).

She was for several years a teacher of Israeli folk dance in the U.S. and is now international folk dance teacher in the department of physical education at the Hebrew University where she is also co-founder and director of the special courses for training teachers of international folk dance. She has toured as a folk singer (and dancer) in the U.S. and Europe, and is co-author (with Shula Barkat) of a book on *How to Teach International Folk Dance* (Hebrew University Press). She is now preparing another on *International Folk Dance Costume*.

With such a formidable list of achievements, Forman-Soffer remains so charmingly simple in her manner that even beginners take heart on the dance floor.

On the night of November 20 when I attended (without participation) this much-talked-of class at Tel-Or, the first dances were agreeably easy, though they were, of course, authentic – Romanian, Serbian, Croatian, Macedonian, Armenian, and Israeli. As the evening progressed, the dances grew more complex and the increasing company were clearly familiar with the steps – Polish, Slovakian, Norwegian, Greek (with a nod at Zorba) and English (an eighteenth century group dance).

Later there seemed to be no need even for instructions. The dancers were confident in the moves – led by David Kupferschmid who had helped earlier in some demonstrations and who made the characteristic whoops that go with such jolly activity.

"I have a core of dancers who have been with me for 12 years," said Forman-Soffer. "At the beginning you saw the newcomers. Some people come in for a session or two and many become regulars."

Her seasoned dancers make up a "performance group" which is often invited to participate in National Day celebrations by embassies and various institutions on special occasions. She chooses the appropriate dances and the performers appear in the costumes of the country.

There was something heartening and healthy even in watching how much pleasure could be derived from such exercise and such togetherness.

Cyrelle Forman-Soffer is initiating and directing something else that should prove significant in keeping alive and preserving traditional folk dance. She called it "The Folk Dance on Video Project" and when she put it before a congress on dance research held last April at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C. it aroused a great deal of interest. Unesco has promised "seed money" for the project.

"It will involve research and documentation not just of Israeli folk dance," Forman-Soffer explained. "But the pilot phase will be to make an inventory of what is to be found in public and private collections here and perhaps establish archives."

Togetherness: Cyrelle Forman-Soffer (top). *Premiere: 'Like Birds'* (above).

She has worked with Gurit Kadman and other pioneers in the field but considers that there has not been enough coordination in the work. "If we know what material there is and what is going on, much valuable material can be saved. Much has already been lost because nobody knows what anybody else is doing. Video is a great tool."

For example, in a visit to Bulgaria, she took a video camera and has already annotated dances taken then.

Though she admits that so far the project is "little beyond a dream," she is working on it under the auspices of the Dance Library of Israel and believes the project is at the stage "where it is certainly moving along." What it needs is financial help. The enthusiasm is already there.

A VISIT to the Rubin Academy Dance Department at the Givat Ram campus of the Hebrew University gives the impression of a beehive: students coming and going or concentrated in classes, staff busy in a honeycomb of offices and Professor Hassia Levy-Agron as a sort of queen bee, her mind and hand upon all the ramifications of the courses.

On the academic side, the curriculum is impressive: music theory, appreciation and history, use of music (including percussion) for dance, especially Jewish music, anatomy, physiology, psychology, methods of teaching, theory of education, and English. There is a host of optional subjects such as philosophy in dance (by Professor Dubois), Hebrew literature (especially short stories and poems), Jewish holidays and traditions, an introduction to art history and the history of jazz. All this is in addition to the compulsory subjects that of course include practical study of classical, modern (based on Graham and Limon methods), jazz, character and Spanish dance.

"We have more workshops than in the past," Professor Levy-Agron pointed out, "and choreographic composition and improvisation, and the Eshkol-Hetz style of movement and Feldenkreis technique and dance notation in the Eshkol-Wachman system; but I regret that because of budget cuts we have been unable to include Jewish community dances this year."

At present there is a visiting lecturer, Dr. Larry Berger, head of the dance department at the University of Florida. He has come on a Fulbright grant and is giving a course in dance in the 20th century – and on production.

Still to come is Billy Mahoney of New York who will teach for a fortnight at the high school associated with the academy, and may initiate a tap dance class.

Dance will be included in many of the twice-weekly concerts being held at the academy and in the Wise Auditorium, and beginning on November 30 the dance department will give a series of performances in tribute to the late Gertrud Kraus. In the inaugural concert three former students of Gertrud Kraus – Aya Rimon-Levy, Batia Cohen and Daphne Einbinder will perform a trio. Students of both the academy and the high school will also take part.

As an extra-curricular activity, Professor Levy-Agron takes groups of students to present programmes at schools under the *Jeunesse Musicale* banner. She gives the explanations of the dances that the students perform. An item included is a "Biblical Quiz." The audience has to guess the theme enacted in dance. "These programmes are in great demand all over the country," said Professor Levy-Agron.

Four choreographers contribute to the new programme that Tamara Mielnik's Jerusalem Dance Theatre will present at the Gerard Behar Theatre in Jerusalem on December 4 and at Yad Lebanim in Tel Aviv on December 7.

A solo has been specially created for Mielnik by William Louther with the title *Reflection on Essences of a Date* to music by Dov Mielnik. "Date" is a play on "Tamara," the choreogrpaher's intention being to portray her as dancer, wife, mother and teacher.

The other premieres will be *Like Birds* by Leora Axelrod (music: Meir Banai) and Dina Bitton's *Prayer* (music: Shlomo Bar). Also on the programme will be Tamara Mielnik's *Three Thoughts of Rabbi Nachman from Braslav* (music: Jacques and Teddy Lasry).

DURING HANUKKA week, the Israel Ballet will give eight performances of its highly successful production of *Cinderella* at the Habimah Theatre in Tel Aviv. Before that, there will be four performances at the Haifa Municipal Theatre. Two performances were given in Jerusalem during the past week, making this perhaps a record run for a full-length ballet in Israel, though the first full-length work (*The Nutcracker*) presented by the Israel Ballet also had a long run.

DURING HER year of teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, Rena Gluck choreographed a work for the University Dance Theatre called *Beyond the Curtain* (music: Zvi Avni). It was repeated several times and made such an impression that she has been invited by the California Institute of the Arts to come and give a course in choreographic technique and composition for the faculty there. She is now back at the Rubin Academy Dance Department in Jerusalem. □

Crosswords

Two-in-one

ACROSS
1 The drink divine! (7)
5 Set out early to pick up broadcasts (7)
9 The wreckage of allotment Doctor Muni beheaded in (9)
10 Changing colour after smoking—not going green, though! (5)
11 He took in Miss Terry, this Greek (7)
12 Bars them crossing in it (7)
13 As dingo is ill, one'll tell you what's wrong with him (9)
16 Money is tight, up to a point (5)
17 Hide in a long, narrow way! (5)
18 Red man not about to get decoration (9)
21 Dropped, timed to explode (7)
22 The French of Paris, about to show great depression (7)
25 Galahad found it had been drunk from (5)
26 Advance an idea for stopping one, in a way (9)
27 Afraid to move like this (7)
28 Over savoury food dish then served (7)

DOWN
1 Got accommodation on ship that's stopped in dock (7)
2 Unfriendly ailment... (5)
3 ...To show signs of sickness—what a drag! (5)
4 Breaks into shakes (7)
5 White sticks, generally, but no help to blind people (7)
6 May snatch it off a sailor (9)
7 Stop being like an ant in an uplifted fashion (9)
8 Stay-at-homes! (7)
14 I bet on a mare; turned out the Queen will hate this (9)
15 Place of entertainment used by the nocturnal mugger (5,4)
17 In spite of it, the second half is imagined (7)
18 Picked up by one's ears! (7)
19 Given a command in the army, for instance (7)
20 Not term for outrage and torture (7)
23 Misses refuse containers (5)
24 Saw US lawman in time (5)

Quickie

ACROSS
1 Deciphered a code (7)
5 Picnic Baskets (7)
9 Slaughterhouses (9)
10 German river (5)
11 Draw level with (5,2)
12 Joyful feeling (7)
13 Played at ladies' windows (9)
16 To frighten (5)
17 Piece of furniture (5)
18 Most gentle (9)
21 Seeking alms (7)
22 A glass (7)
25 Jumps (5)
26 Under a spell (9)
27 They like to hurt (7)
28 Stops (7)

DOWN
1 Opportunities (7)
2 Separated (5)
3 Small vessel (5)
4 Leaked slowly (7)
5 Goes quickly (7)
6 A preserve (9)
7 Get rid of (9)
8 The breastbone (7)
14 Back of an army (9)
15 Flower (9)
17 Road stones (7)
18 She-cat (7)
19 Observed (7)
20 Furious speeches (7)
23 Types of flesh (5)
24 Instruments (5)

Yesterday's solutions

Yesterday's Quick Solution

ACROSS: 1 Wart, 3 Affronts, 9 Funny, 10 Reserve, 11 Rip, 13 Heartless, 14 Kindle, 16 Repair, 18 Edelweiss, 20 Dim, 22 Croquet, 23 Otter, 25 Position, 26 Pray. DOWN: 1 Wafer, 2 Run, 4 Formal, 5 Rosette, 6 Nursemaid, 7 Spenser, 8 Myth, 12 Ponderous, 14 Kneecap, 15 Lawsuit, 17 Giotto, 19 Scow, 21 Marry, 24 Tor.

Solutions to the crosswords appear in Sunday's Jerusalem Post.

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Travelling hopefully Mike Rogoff

Out of the labyrinth

"WOE TO ME in my Besara," cried one Justus from beyond the grave. "After descending to Hades, I lie here with many of my people, for so willed stern fate." It sounds like a Hellenistic epitaph; but Justus was a Jew of the late Roman period laid to eternal rest in the catacombs of Beit She'arim, known in ancient Greek as Besara.

There are few historical sites in the country as beautiful, as intriguing, as important and, oddly enough, as unadvertised as Beit She'arim. Today it is a small park of pines and poplars and tended lawns in a hollow below the garden suburb of Kiryat Tivon, just south-west of Haifa. But 18 centuries ago, with the Temple long since destroyed and the holy city of Jerusalem replaced by Hadrian's pagan town of Aelia Capitolina, Beit She'arim was the unrivalled centre of Jewish life in Israel.

Its preeminence as the seat of the *Sanhedrin – the Jewish High Court* – was almost entirely due to its most prominent citizen, Rabbi Yehuda Hanassi. With a rare blend of diplomatic finesse and profound scholarship, Rabbi Yehuda exercised both communal and spiritual authority over his generation. Here he compiled the Mishna, a codex of the vast store of rabbinic legal opinion known as the Oral Law.

Largely because of the reverence in which Rabbi Yehuda was held, *Beit She'arim* became a magnet for pilgrims and petitioners, both in his lifetime and after his death. With Jewish Jerusalem just a memory of the past and a dream of the future, Jews came from far-flung corners of the Near Eastern diaspora to be buried near the great rabbi and, with him, to await the day when "those who sleep in the dusty earth shall awake."

(Richard Nowitz)

Although archeological excavations in the 1930s and 1950s exposed elements of life in Beit She'arim – the synagogue, houses, workshops and an oil press – it was the necropolis that proved the most electrifying discovery.

Twenty labyrinthin catacombs cut out of the soft chalk hillside produced a rich harvest of finds, including some 250 inscriptions (most of them in Greek; some in Hebrew, Aramaic and Palmyrene), and several large wall-reliefs of a *menora*, the seven-branched candelabra once used in the Temple in Jerusalem.

On a warm day it is a sharp transition from the rural tranquillity of the garden to the invitingly cool and mysterious gloom of the catacombs. The maze of chambers and scores of four-ton limestone sarcophagi bear witness not only to the popularity of the site in antiquity, but also to the affluence of many of its denizens. That affluence was not lost on grave-robbers of later centuries, for people were often buried with valuable personal possessions, and not a single sarcophagus escaped their attention.

Hebrew inscriptions grace a few of the sarcophagi, while on many more lions, ox-heads and eagles peer out. Curious geometric designs abound. A set of doors incised on one sarcophagus may represent the Holy Ark, or, perhaps, the gateway to the Hereafter, as it is written: "This is the gate to the Lord, the righteous shall pass through it."

NEXT DOOR, an ancient water cistern has been converted into a small but fascinating museum. A nine-ton slab of crude glass, the largest known from the ancient world, lies where it was found. Beit She'arim had industry as well, it seems.

Here, too, are some of the *menora* wall-reliefs found in the catacombs. Unlike the *menora* with a solid base depicted on Titus's triumphal arch in Rome – and subsequently adopted as the official seal of the State of Israel – the *menorot* of Beit She'arim have a tripod base. The repeated appearance of similar *menorot* in other contemporary catacombs, as well as on coins and in synagogue art of the period, has persuaded many modern scholars that the tripod-based type is a more faithful reproduction of the Temple original.

A MODERN postscript. The catacombs of Beit She'arim lie at the foot of a hill still remembered by oldtimers as Sheikh Abrek, a site now *immortalized in Hebrew folksong*. Just before the last bend of the road that descends to the park, a footpath climbs up to the left. On the crest of a ridge stands a life-size statue of a man on horseback.

A pioneer of the Second Aliya, a founder of the Hashomer Jewish defence network, and one of the discoverers of the catacombs, Alexander Zeid still bravely scans the Jezreel Valley below. In 1938 he was shot at this spot while on sentry duty.

What might Justus have thought about his valiant latter-day fellow-Jew who lost his life in hastening the Restoration of which both dreamed? "Be comforted," concludes his ancient epitaph, "no man is immortal." □

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2. THE MIRACLE OF INTERVALE AVENUE.
3. KALEIDOSCOPE – Photographing America's Jews.

EVENTS
1. Screening of the film "Yentel". Starring: Barbra Streisand, Amy Irving. Director: Barbra Streisand. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Monday, December 1, at 8.00 pm. Admission fee: NIS 4.00; for members fo Friends Association NIS 3.00.
2. Ideological Trends and Tendencies in American Jewry Today. An International Symposium in English. Chairman: Dr. Irving Greenberg. Participants: Mr. Leonard Fein, Mr. Simcha Dinitz, M.K.; Mr. Abba Eban, M.K.; Mr. Mordechai Gazit. Wednesday, December 3, at 7.30 pm. Entrance by reservation only, for information call (03) 425161/72.
3. Opening ceremony of the exhibitions: "In the Footsteps of Columbus, Jews in America 1654-1880". "The Miracle of Intervale Avenue". "Kaleidoscope - Photographing America's Jews". Speakers: Mr. Aharon Doron, Ms. Natalie Gordon, Dr. Kenneth Libo. Thursday, December 4, at 7.00 pm.

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Galilee Tours

TV and radio Greer Fay Cashman

Cybil Shepherd on the track of Angela Lansbury in 'The Lady Vanishes.'

Japanese-Americans during World War II were placed in camps for the duration of the war – 'Yankee Samurai.'

Choice pickings

FRIDAY

10.15 – ITV Feature Film – **The Lady Vanishes**, Nazi-era spy drama starring Elliott Gould and Cybil Shepherd.

SATURDAY

12 noon – The Voice of Music – Radio Drama, **People by Night.** Two stories about couples exploring their relationships with each other on the eve of the 1984 elections. The Voice of Music.
1.05 – Radio Network Two – **The Truth About the Killing of Yair.** Documentary tracing the events leading up to the death of Lehi leader Avraham "Yair" Stern at the hands of the British.
10.30 – ITV Feature Film – The French 1943 classic **Les Enfants du Paradis, (part II)**

SUNDAY

5.30 – ITV – **Festigal '85.** The annual musical treat for children billed as Broadway on the Carmel.
10.35 – ITV – **Entrance Free.** The monthly, live broadcast on social issues affecting the individual. This month's theme: The Forties Syndrome.

MONDAY

10.20 – ITV – **Spenser: For Hire.** This new, 13-part detective series is based on the works of suspense writer Robert Parker. The title role is played by Robert Urich.

TUESDAY

11.05 – ITV – **Night Court.** This week's episode, The Nun, shocks the judge out of any preconceptions he might have had about the black-robed, young women of the church.

WEDNESDAY

8.02 – ITV – **Spirit of the Land.** A new documentary series about people and places in Israel. The inaugural focus is on Leah Shakdiel and Gedaliah Ginsburg.
10.05 – ITV feature film – **Cinderella Liberty.** The story of a sailor on leave, who becomes responsible for a family which is not his own. The production stars James Caan, Marsha Mason and Eli Wallach.

THURSDAY

11.05 – ITV – **Yankee Samurai.** A moving documentary about Japanese-Americans, branded by suspicion and mistrust during World War II, who nonetheless fought for their country in Europe, demonstrating great bravery on the battlefield and becoming America's most decorated Second World War unit.

And next Friday

10.05 – ITV feature film – **Camille.** Television remake based on the classic work by Alexdandre Dumas, *The Lady of the Camelias.*

A disappearing act

'Spenser: For Hire,' with Robert Urich.

EUROPE IS ON the brink of war. Two young people on an express train taking tourists from Germany to England are suddenly aware that the lively elderly lady with whom they had shared a carriage has disappeared. In attempting to discover what has befallen her, they find themselves ensnared in a complex espionage affair. Alert to the dangers surrounding them, they nonetheless continue in pursuit of their mission, refusing to give up, even when their very lives are at risk. The 1979 production, starring Elliot Gould and Cybil Shepherd, features Angela Lansbury in the role of their quarry. (ITV **The Lady Vanishes** – Tonight 10.15).

SOMEWHERE between the ages of 35 and 45 insecurity begins to set in. For women, the biological clock is slowing down. Their child-producing years are coming to an end. Men start to worry about their virility and their ability to compete socially and in business with the younger generation of executives following hard on their heels. The Forties Syndrome is still causing a lot of people endless and unwarranted misery. In ITV's live broadcast of **Entrance Free** at 10.35 on Sunday, which deals with this topic, viewers can participate by phoning in. The number will be provided several times during the course of the evening.

ROBERT URICH stars as **Spenser**, the Boston-based private detective who makes his Israel debut at 10.20 on Monday on ITV. Spenser is a proud and tough detective who veers between nasty and difficult, insanely principled and cheerfully lovable. In addition to integrity, Spenser possesses wit, intelligence and moxie all of which combine to put him in the category of the classic American hero. Spenser will be a weekly guest in Israeli living rooms for the next 13 weeks.

JEWS living in hostile countries have frequently been able to mask their identities. Japanese-Americans, during World War II, were not so fortunate. There was no way that they could disguise the features which betrayed their origins. Objects of suspicion and mistrust, they were placed in internment camps for the duration of the war. Some of the younger Japanese-Americans demanded the right to be allowed to fight for the country in which they were born. That demand was eventually heeded and the exploits of the 100th/442nd Regimental combat team became legend. Known as the Nisei soldiers, they were men of valour whose feats included the liberation of the town of Bruyeres in France, the rescue of the 270-member Lost Battalion and the opening of the gates of Dachau Concentration Camp to lead Jews and other political prisoners to freedom. It is somehow fitting that the script for this worthwhile documentary was written and directed by an Israeli – Katriel Schory. (**Yankee Samurai**, ITV, Thursday 11.05). □

This week's TV/radio schedule NOVEMBER 28 – DECEMBER 4

FRIDAY

Elliott Gould
Israel TV, 22.15

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **13.30** Teletext **13.35** This is it (repeat) **14.30** Everyman's University **15.00** The Portion of the Week **15.30** A New Evening – Shabbat magazine

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.30 News roundup
16.32 Love Boat
17.20 Songs
17.30 Arabic film
19.20 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with Shabbat songs
20.05 Shabbat Eve programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
21.15 Interview programme – introduced by Meni Pe'er
22.15 The Lady Vanishes. Anthony Page's 1979 version of George Axelrod's screenplay stars Elliott Gould and Cybil Shepherd
23.50 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
18.00 French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Entertainment **21.00** Weekly Review **21.10** Once an Eagle **22.00** News in English **22.20** The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
13.00 Woody Woodpecker **13.30** Westbrook Hospital **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: Blue Dahlia **16.30** Heathcliff **17.00** Super Book **17.30** Muppets **18.00** Webster **18.30** Family Ties **19.00** News **20.00** Fall Guy **21.00** Arabic Movie **22.30** Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Vivaldi: Concerto for Piccolo, Strings and Continuo (Baker, Zagreb Soloists/Prohaska); Boccherini: Concerto for Cello and Double Bass (Baumann, Stoll); Clementi: Sonata No. 1 for 2 Pianos; Mozart: Divertimento No. 17 for Flute, Violin, Viola, Cello and 2 Horns; Beethoven-Liszt: Symphony No. 5 arr. for Piano (Gould)
9.00 Mussorgsky-Ravel: *Pictures at an Exhibition* (New York/Mehta); Mendelssohn: Piano Trio (Beaux Arts); Stravinsky: Suite from Pulcinela (Columbia/Stravinsky); Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra (IPO/Mehta)
12.00 Israel Trio with Meir Rimon, horn – Brahms: String Trio Op. 101, Trio for Horn, Violin and Piano Op. 40
13.05 Glinka: "Russian and Ludmila", overture (London Symphony/Previn); Vivaldi: "Autumn" from "The Four Seasons" (English Chamber/Zukerman); Schumann: Cello Concerto (Rostropovich, Leningrad/Rozhdestvensky); Elgar: Enigma Variations (London Symphony/Boult); Dvorak: Symphony No. 9, "New World" (New York/Bernstein)
16.00 Granados: Intermezzo from "Goyescas" (Boston Pops/Fiedler); Bach: Cantata No. 208; Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 20 (R. Serkin, London Symphony/Abbado); Schubert: Piano Trio Op. 99 [illegible] String Quartet No. 14, "Death and the Maiden" (Amadeus)
20.00 Israeli Songs
20.30 Bach: Partita No. 2 for Violin (Mintz); Mozart: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings; Dvorak: Serenade Op. 22 (St. Martin/Marriner); Copland: 4 Scenes from "Rodeo" (Detroit/Dorati)
23.00 Renaissance and Baroque Music

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Oriental songs
9.30 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Songs and Tunes
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.00 Shabbat Eve Programme
16.05 Profile – an Israeli Portrait: Amnon Abi-Naomi sketches Maurice Zilka
17.10 Hebrew songs
18.06 Literary Magazine
19.05 Songs and Readings for Shabbat
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Another Place: Alaska
23.05 Hebrew songs

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Starting Whistle – preview of Shabbat's football matches
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.05 No Reductions or Complimentary Tickets
16.05 Current Account
17.06 Behind the Headlines – media magazine
18.05 Holy Listening
19.05 The Weekly Column
20.05 Shabbat songs
21.05 Sephardi Folksongs
22.05 Folk dances
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday – Yitzhak Livni talks with writer Yigal Mossinson
00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 Morning Supplement
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 Have a Good Time – culture and entertainment magazine
11.05 Mama's Voice – special regards to soldiers
12.05 Sandals – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
14.05 It's not Shabbat Yet – with Shlomo Artzi
15.05 Entertainment
16.05 Quiet songs
17.05 Documentaries
18.05 Soldiers are Young People
19.05 Successful Young Adults
20.05 Music and radio games
22.05 Marathon

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS

1260 kilohertz: 5-6 and 8-9 a.m. – Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews. 5-5.30 p.m. – News round-up. 5.30-6 p.m. – VOA Magazine Show. 6-6.15 p.m. – News in Special English for Students of English. 11-12 midnight – VOA World Report with news, background and analysis.

SATURDAY

Sophia Loren
Middle East TV, 21.00

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.00 Airwolf – action series
17.00 Music hall (part 2)
18.00 Science series
18.30 Arts Magazine
19.00 Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at
20.00 with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danzo, Judith Light and Elyssa Milano: Tony's Father-in-Law
20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Sports – Match of the Day
22.30 Les Enfants du paradis. Part 2 of a 2-part film made in France in 1943. Starring Pierre Brasseur and Jean Louis Barrault
24.00 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** You Again **21.00** Spotlight **21.10** Entertainment **22.00** News in English **22.20** Feature film

MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.00 Pole Position **13.30** The Littles **14.00** Story Break **14.30** Rainbow Adventure **16.00** English League Soccer **17.00** International Sportsworld **19.00** Italian League Soccer **20.00** Wrestling **21.00** Movie: Houseboat **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

7.09 Bizet: "L'Arlesienne", suite No. 1 (Strasbourg/Lombard); Ben-Haim: Pastorale Variee, Clarinet, Harp and Strings; Campra: "Les Femmes", cantata (Souzay, Paillard); Devienne: Concert Symphony for 2 Flutes and Orchestra (Rampal, Wilson, Solisti Veneti/Scimone); Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto (Grumiaux, New Philharmonia/Krenz); Ibert: Divertissement (Birmingham/Fremaux)
9.00 Music Quiz
10.00 Jerusalem Symphony under Yuri Ahronovitch with Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir – Liszt: Dante Symphony; Schubert arr. by Liszt: Fantasy, "Wanderer", "Tasso", Symphonic Poem; Mendelssohn: Allegro Brilliant Op. 92; Rachmaninov: 6 Pieces, Op. 11
12.00 An Hour with Jascha Heifetz, violin
13.05 Grieg: Norwegian Dances (Halle, Barbirolli); Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 2; Brahms: Symphony No. 2 (Vienna/Kertesz)
15.00 Interludes
16.00 Carl Maria von Weber – 200th Anniversary, Part 4
17.00 Israeli Artists: Eliyahu Shulman, violin, Amnon Silver, piano – Bloch: Sonata No. 1; Brahms: Sonata No. 3
18.00 "My Concert" (no details available)
20.00 Radio Drama – "People in the Night", Part 2
21.05 Opera – Humperdinck: Hansel and Gretel (Cotrubas, Von Stade, Gurzenich/Pritchard)

RADIO 1st

[illegible] Light Classical Music
11.05 The Old Man at 100 – the 100th Anniversary of the Birth of David Ben-Gurion
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.05 The Ways of Man
16.05 Literary Party
17.10 Stage and Screen
18.00 Radio Drama
19.05 Little Anthology of Poetry
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Adults with Learning Disability

2nd

7.10 Hebrew songs
8.05 Who's Sleeping?
9.05 A Matter of Taste – with Haim Keinan
10.05 Weekly News Magazine
11.05 Radio game
12.05 First Applause
13.05 The Truth about the Murder of Yair Stern
14.11 Hebrew songs
14.30 Songs and Goals – reports from weekend football matches, music
16.30 Hebrew songs
17.05 Beautiful Land
18.06 New Hebrew Words
18.35 Sports Magazine
19.05 Cinema Magazine
20.05 Weekly News Magazine (repeat)
21.05 Oriental Song Requests
22.05 Bible Reading and programme for the end of Shabbat
23.05 Zionism 86
00.10 Good Night – with Alex Talmor

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
7.05 Hebrew songs
9.05 Happy Choir – children's programme
10.05 Entertainment and Hebrew Song Magazine
11.05 True Picture
12.05 Hava Alberstein talks with Rachel Shapira
13.05 Ya'acov Agmon talks to poet Yosef Sharon
14.05 It all flows
15.45 841 travels North
16.05 Cinema Magazine
17.05 Theatre Magazine
18.05 Israeli Hit Parade
19.05 Foreign Language Hit Parade
20.05 Out of Sight
21.05 On Jewish Tradition
22.05 All That Jazz
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

DAILY ENGLISH BROADCASTS – ISRAEL RADIO

on 576 and 1170 kilohertz
07.00-7.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News followed by:
SUNDAY – "This Land" travel magazine
MONDAY "Mainstream" consumer and community affairs
TUESDAY – "Israel Mosaic" weekly magazine
WEDNESDAY – "Spectrum" science and technology
THURSDAY – "Studio Three" arts magazine.
FRIDAY – "Thank Goodness It's Friday"
SATURDAY – "Spotlight" people and issues in the news

THE VOICE OF PEACE
Regular daily programmes
3.00-6.00 Early Morning Show
12.00-13.00 Kassah Programme
18.00-19.30 Twilight Time
19.30-21.00 Classical Programme

SUNDAY

Jamie Roberts
Educational TV, 16.30

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Teletext **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** No Secrets **14.45** Hello Israel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Rehov Sumsum **16.30** The Squad (part 1) **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Festigal '85
18.20 Animated film
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 What's the Answer?
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Top of the Pops
21.00 Mabat Newsreel and Overseas Sports Review
21.45 Dynasty – American series
22.35 Entrance Free – live broadcast with audience participation: The Forties Syndrome
23.40 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Carol Burnett and Friends **21.10** Cosmos **22.00** News in English **22.20** Dallas

MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Good News **15.00** Arabic Movie **16.30** Treasure Island **17.00** Flying House **17.30** Muppets **18.00** Punky Brewster **18.30** Silver Spoons **19.00** Sixty Minutes **20.00** Specials: Gilbert and Sullivan **21.00** Movie: Joe Kidd **22.30** Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Tchaikovsky: Serenade for Strings (English Chamber/Barenboim); Schubert: Sonatina Op. 137 (Szeryng, Haebler); Bach: Triple Concerto for Flute, Violin, Harpsichord and Strings (Winschermann); Beethoven: Piano Trio No. 10 (Beaux Arts); Bloch: Concerto Grosso No. 1 for Strings and Piano Obligato (Peleg, Jerusalem Chamber/Rodan)
9.00 Bruckner: Overture in G minor (London Symphony/Shapiro); Albinoni: Concerto for 2 Horns and Orchestra; Mozart: Variations on a French Folk Song (Szeryng, Haebler); Schumann: 7 Songs (Ameling, Demus); Dvorak: Violin Concerto (Perlman, London Philharmonic/Barenboim); Chopin: 10 Preludes (Rubinstein); Berlioz "Harold in Italy", Symphony (Zukerman, Paris/Barenboim); Bartok: Divertimento for Strings (English Chamber/Barenboim)
12.00 An Hour with Ina Joost, cello
13.05 Tchaikovsky: Suite from "Nutcracker" (Berlin/Rostropovich); Massenet: Aria from Herodiade (Horne); Schumann: "Kreisleriana" (Argerich); Janacek: Lachian Dances (Rotterdam/Conlon); Prokofiev: Violin Concerto No. 1 (Mintz, Chicago/Abbado)
15.00 Contemporary Music
16.00 Berlioz: L'Enfance du Christ (Baker, Tappy, Allen, Bastin, Alldis Choir, London Symphony/Davis); [illegible] (Christ); Schubert: Quartet, "Death and the Maiden"
22.30 The Tradition of Mexican Folk Music, Part 6
23.00 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 5; Haydn: Cello Concerto No. 1; Schubert: Songs

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Sephardi songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Matters of Taste (repeat)
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Jewish Thought – talk by Prof. Itamar Greenwald
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Child and Family Magazine

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Press Conference
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 The Jewish People
20.05 Oriental songs
22.05 Yiddish songs
23.05 Third Bell – arts magazine

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Sports Magazine
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 Soldiers are Young People (repeat)
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

ENGLISH BROADCASTS — ISRAEL RADIO
07.00-07.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News and Feature Programme
17.00-17.05 News
20.00-20.15 News Magazine
on 1st Programme
– 576 kilohertz – centre and north
– 1170 kilohertz – Jerusalem area

MONDAY

Clint Eastwood
Middle East TV, 15.00

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Teletext **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** 100 Famous Paintings **14.25** Making Magic **14.50** Surprise Train **15.15** Family Problems **16.00** Five Mile Creek (part 3) **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Alice in Wonderland
17.55 Hoppe Hey
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Programme Trailer
18.35 Sports
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 The Paper Chase: American series starring John Houseman, James Stephens and Diana Douglas
20.50 Beauty Spot – tips on hikes and trips
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 This is the Time
22.20 Spenser: For Hire – American suspense series, starring Robert Urich and Avery Brooks
23.50 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** No Place Like Home **21.10** Edge of Darkness **22.00** News in English **22.20** Strangers and Brothers

MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: Eiger Sanction **17.00** Super Book **17.30** Muppets **18.00** Happy Days **18.30** Laverne & Shirley **19.00** News **20.00** Magnum P.I. **21.00** Monday Night Football **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Handel: *Royal Fireworks*; Haydn: Concerto for Guitar and Strings arr. for Quartet; Weber: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings (Chamber Ensemble from Berlin Philharmonic); Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, "Scottish" (Chicago/Solti)
9.00 Bach: Orchestral Suite No. 3 (St. Martin/Marriner); De Falla: Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin and Cello; Vaughan Williams: Fantasy on a Theme by Tallis (Philadelphia/Ormandy); Brahms: Piano Trio No. 1; Elgar: Violin Concerto (Perlman, Chicago/Barenboim); Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 (Philadelphia/Muti)
12.00 Prokofiev: Sonata for Violin and Piano (Mintz, Bonderenko); Mozart: Quintet, K.516 (Tel Aviv Quartet, Chen)
13.05 Gluck: Concerto for Flute and Orchestra (Rampal, Paris/Leibowitz); Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Perahia, St. Martin/Marriner); Mozart: Concertone for 2 Violins (Saar Soloists and Orchestra/Ristenpart); Ravel: "Ma Mere l'Oye", suite (New York/Bernstein); Schubert: Wanderer Fantasy
15.00 Bartok's Early Quartets explained by David Chen
16.00 From the World's Concert Halls [illegible] Varga Tibor Orchestra under Varga Tibor – Mozart: Divertimento K.136; Bach: Violin Concerto; Kodaly: Duo for Violin and Cello; Mozart: Symphony K.138 "Salzburg", Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"
22.30 Then and Again
23.00 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 6; Haydn: Concerto No. 2 for Cello and Orchestra; Schubert: Songs

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Song and Tune
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Radio Drama
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Reflections on the Portion of the Week
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Signs and Wonders – the beginning of Hebrew radio (repeat)

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Free Period – education magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Law and Justice Magazine
20.05 Cantorial Hit Parade
22.05 Jazz Corner
23.05 Night Games

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Interview with Aluf Amnon Shahak
19.05 Music
20.05 The IDF Troupes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

EASY HEBREW FOR IMMIGRANTS
Radio 1st weekdays 10.30-11.00 a.m.
Saturday 7.30-8.00 a.m.

TUESDAY

Robotrics
Educational TV, 16.15

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Teletext **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Adventures of the Baron Muenchhausen – animated film **15.45** Learning Disabled Children and Adults **16.00** Touring Israel – with Sefi Ben Yosef **16.15** Robotrics **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 News for Young Children
18.00 The Return of the Antelope (part 6)
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 End of Empire
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Find the Pips – TV game, introduced by Dudu Topaz
20.30 Kolbotek
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment
22.20 Crazy Like a Fox – American series, starring Jack Warden and John Rubinstein: Bum Tip
23.05 Night Court – comedy series
23.30 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Chart Attack **21.30** Hilary **22.00** News in English **22.20** Dempsey and Makepeace

MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: Fourteen Hours **16.30** Heathcliff **17.00** Flying House **17.30** Muppets **18.00** Star Trek **19.00** News **20.00** The A-Team **21.00** Mac Gyver **22.00** Airwolf **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue (Weissenberg, Leister, Berlin Philharmonic/Ozawa); Saint-Saens: "Danse Macabre" (St. Martin/Marriner); Locatelli: Sonata for Cello and Piano Op. 3/6 (Cohen, Parsons); Tchaikovsky: Piano Pieces Op. 72 (Brownridge); Dukas: The Sorcerer's Apprentice
9.00 Handel: Suite No. 1 for Harpsichord (Ross); Bach: Partita No. 1 for Violin (Rogof); Geminiani: Sonata No. 3 for Cello and Continuo; Barber: Adagio for Strings; Ravel: Piano Concerto (Versano, Philharmonia/Davis); Mahler: 5 Songs from Ruckert
12.00 Brahms: Sonata for Violin and Piano Op. 78 (Taub, Laks), Piano Trio Op. 114 (Laks, Benyamini, Bergman)
13.05 Bach: French Suite No. 6 (Gavrilov); Cimarosa: Concertante for Flute, Oboe and Orchestra (Nicolet, Holliger, St Martin/Sillito); Arne: Symphony No. 1 (Bournemouth Sinfonietta/Montgomery); Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola and Orchestra (Perlman, Zukerman, IPO/Mehta); Beethoven: Septet Op. 20 (St. Martin)
15.00 Young Music
16.00 Schumann: 2 Romances for Oboe [illegible] (Caballe, Barcelona/Ciliario); Mozart: "Don Giovanni", excerpts from Act 1 (Schreier, Milnes, Tomowa-Sintow, Vienna Choir and Philharmonic/Bohm); Offenbach: Act 1 from "La Belle Helene" (Paris Choir, Soloists and Philharmonic Orchestra/Leibowitz)
20.05 Musical Medley
20.30 From the World's Concert Halls: 1) Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra under Lior Shambdal – Works by Knol, Berio and Shostakovich; 2) Duisburg Men's Choir under Theo Bruer with Carl Ridderbusch, bass – Songs by Schubert, Loewe; Arias by Beethoven, Lortzing and Verdi
22.30 Jazz Programme
23.00 Bach: Anna Magdalena Book, Part 1; Haydn: Concerto No. 1 for Flute, Oboe and Orchestra

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental Song Requests
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for all
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 With People
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Talmud Lesson
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Two by Two

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Health and Medicine Magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 New World – environment magazine
20.05 Cantorial Requests
22.05 Once More
23.05 Quizzes

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Eitan Lifshitz
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 841 Travels North
16.15 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 Interview with Aluf Amnon Shahak
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

WEDNESDAY

James Caan
Israel TV, 22.05

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Teletext **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Time Tunnel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Pretty Butterfly **16.25** TV Game **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Somersaults
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Literature and Culture Magazine
19.00 Health Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 People and Places in Israel
20.30 Tazpit – science and technology magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 Cinderella Liberty. Mark Rydell's 1973 romance film stars James Caan, Marsha Mason and Eli Wallach
24.00 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News in Arabic **20.30** Three's Company **21.30** Alfred Hitchcock **22.00** News in English **22.20** Deception

MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: Nocturne **16.30** Heathcliff **17.00** Super Book **17.30** Muppets **18.00** That's Hollywood **18.30** The Campbells **19.00** News **20.00** Simon & Simon **21.00** Remington Steele **22.00** Cagney & Lacey **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Respighi: "The Birds", suite; Haydn: Cello Concerto in C major (Rostropovich, St. Martin/Braun); Beethoven: Egmont (Grossmayer, JSO/Harth); Honegger: Symphony No. 2 (Toulouse/Plasson)
9.00 Franck: Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra (Haebler, Concertgebouw/Inbal); Brahms: String Sextet No. 2; Khachaturian: Violin Concerto (Oistrakh, East German Radio/Khachaturian); Honegger: "Le Roi David", oratorio (Danco, Hamel, Suisse Romande/Ansermet)
12.00 Sarah Fuxon-Heiman, Bert Berman, piano duet – Weber: 6 Pieces Op. 3, 6 Pieces Op. 10; Reger: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart
13.05 Saint-Saens: Septet; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1; Walton: Facade
15.00 Contemporary Music
16.00 Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra under David Robertson – Dvorak: Cello Concerto in B minor (Kagnovsky); Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.3 (Assaf Zohar); Debussy: Prelude and "Moonlight" from Suite Bergamasque
17.30 Music from the Distant Past
18.00 Carl Maria von Weber – 200th [illegible] Opera – Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (L. Winter, C. Williams, Matthews/Engel)
23.00 Bach: Anna Magdalena Book, Part 2; Haydn: Concerto No. 2 for Flute, Oboe and Orchestra

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Programme for Senior Citizens
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Halacha*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 A Friend from the Same Planet

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Spotlight
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Army and Defence Magazine
20.05 Folklore Magazine
21.05 Song for the Road
22.05 Treasure Hunt
00.15 Personal Sound

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 The IDF Troupes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Classical Night Birds

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THURSDAY

Orly Yaniv
Army Radio, 15.05

TV

8.00 Teletext **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Teletext **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** Family Problems (repeat) **15.00** Tau Tau **15.25** Rehov Sumsum **16.00** This Is It – live magazine **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Micron 1 – science fiction
17.55 Jane Eyre. Part 4 of an 11-part adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel
18.25 A look at Eshta'ol
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 TV Magazine
19.00 Meeting – current affairs
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Programme Trailer
20.15 Mabat Sport
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.20 To be announced
22.10 Raoul Wallenberg. Part 4 of a 4-part docu-drama about the Swedish diplomat who saved Jews during the Holocaust
23.05 Yanki Samurai – documentary about the fate of Americans of Japanese origin during the Second World War
23.55 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons **18.00** French Hour **19.30** News in Hebrew **20.00** News *in* Arabic **20.30** Getting Checkered **21.10** Another World **22.00** News in English **22.20** Feature film

MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life **14.00** 700 Club **14.30** Shape-Up **15.00** Afternoon Movie: The Racket **16.30** Heathcliff **17.00** Flying House **17.30** Muppets **18.00** The Jeffersons **18.30** Doc **19.00** News **20.00** Hardcastle & McCormack **21.00** Facts of Life **21.30** Newhart **22.00** Moonlighting **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Borodin: Polovtsian Dances (Bolshoi Theatre Orch./Svetlanov); Grieg: Piano Concerto; Sibelius: Karelia Suite (Akiyama); De Falla: Three-Cornered Hat (Boky, Montreal/Dutoit)
9.00 Mozart: Symphony No. 31 (Paris); Vieuxtemps: Violin Concerto No. 4 (Perlman, Paris/Barenboim); Mendelssohn: Octet Op. 20 (St. Paul Chamber/Zukerman); Verdi: Aida, excerpts (Ricciarelli, Obraztsova, Domingo, Nucci, Ghiaurov, La Scala/Abbado)
12.00 Bach: Sonata No. 2 for Flute and Piano (Buchman, Bar-Niv); Ben-Zion Orgad: String Trio (Jerusalem); Doppler: Hungarian Fantasy for Flute and Piano (Shoham, Greenfeld); Schumann: Andante and Variations for 2 Pianos, 2 Cellos and Horn (Berman, Vardi, Gruber, Weisser)
13.05 Sammartini: *Symphony in E flat major* (Milan Angelicum/Jenkins); Zelenka: *Sonata No. 3 for Violin, Oboe, Bassoon, Double Bass and Harpsichord*; Brahms: Violin Concerto (Kremer, Vienna/Bernstein); Mahler: Symphony No. 1 [illegible] Don Juan Serenade; Mussorgsky: "The Flea"
17.30 Vivaldi: Sonata, "La Folie" (Cologne Musica Antiqua); Mozart: Divertimento for 3 Horns, K.439b; Cherubini: Second Movement from String Quartet No. 6 (Melos)
18.00 Music Anthology
19.00 Light Classical Music
20.05 Musical Medley
20.30 Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra – Haydn: Symphony No. 89; Gilboa: Symphonic Ornaments on a Theme by Ben-Haim (Sternfeld/Bertini); Stravinsky: Le baiser de la fée; Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Hobson/Rodan); Fasch: Sonata for Quintet (Israel Baroque)
22.30 Jazz Programme
23.00 "Golden Generation", Clara Haskil, piano, Arthur Grumiaux, violin – Beethoven: Sonata No. 3; Mozart: Concerto No. 9, K.271; Scarlatti: Sonata in A minor, Sonata in F minor (repeat)

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.30 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 Speaker's Podium
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 An Unknown Land
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Tania*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 I have a Dream

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Hebrew songs
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 This Week in the Knesset
20.05 Roots – folklore magazine
22.05 Round the World
23.05 Between Ourselves

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Dan Shilon
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
19.05 Music
20.05 Army and Defence Magazine (repeat)
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

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Musical notes Eli Karev

New York, New York

(Shlomo Ben-Yaacov)

Hadassah Markson

A CONCERT-GOER, landed by fate in New York City, is likely to develop a behaviour pattern similar to that of a magnetic needle during a hail-storm – in the apt Hebrew expression, one loses the North. The sheer amount and variety of musical offerings is overwhelming. On one Sunday this month, the newspaper listing of classical events in the city and nearby metropolitan area numbered 290. It so happened that neither the New York Philharmonic, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Centre nor the Metropolitan Opera – the city's main performing bodies – were active that day.

Admittedly, serving on the jury of an international piano competition – the reason for this reporter's 10 days in New York – left little time and even less energy for indulging in the luxurious concert fare. Even so, some trends in the big city's musical reality could be gauged, and it may be of interest to consider them.

While the traditional 19th-century repertoire forms the backbone of the programmes, the relative weight of both early and modern music is strongly felt.

Listening to "The English Concert" with the soprano Sylvia McNair, under Trevor Pinnock's direction, in the "Great Performers at Lincoln Centre" series, one realized how uplifting a Baroque performance can be. Here were musicians who combined authenticity – they play period instruments and are known to reflect the state-of-the-art in performance-practice research – with the infectious joy of music-making. Their Bach burst with emotion – from grief to hearty humour. Thus, during a particularly bouncy oboe solo in a cantata, people in the audience laughed – with the music, not at it – and the players appeared all the happier for that.

Along with visiting early-music ensembles – the Masterplayers Chamber Orchestra of Switzerland, the English Consort and the Duo Brauchli-Elizando, who played, among other instruments, 18th-century clavichords – American musicians contributed their substantial share. Anthony Newman, the renowned harpsichordist, gave a recital; the Waverly Consort could be heard in a Renaissance programme; Baroque pieces were featured by the Sine Nomine singers as well as the Baroque Festival Ensemble, conducted by Yuval Waldman; and an early-music group called Anonymous presented Adam de la Halle's "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion."

At the other end of the historical spectrum, the new-music presentations abounded. Gyorgy Ligetti, having just collected a $150,000 prize for his Etudes for Solo Piano, came to town for a concert of his works. William Bolcom's highly-praised "Songs of Innocence and Experience" were given a New York premiere by the Brooklyn Philharmonic under Lukas Foss; the National Association of Composers and the Composers' Forum presented new works by their members; music by Juilliard composers was given a hearing at the school.

Chamber Players of the League/ISCM offered works by Berio, Dallapiccola, Hafmeister and others; a pianist played compositions of Biscardi, Cage and Rzewski; an ensemble called Anarchist Switchboard and another named Infusion performed new works; the American Festival of Microtonal Music was held.

This incomplete list covering 10 days, hopefully gives an idea of what is going on.

AS TO THE main track, Zubin Mehta was very much in evidence, conducting three different programmes in one week, two of them on the same day: the Philharmonic in the afternoon and the Juilliard School orchestra in the evening (the latter concert, at the prestigious Avery Fisher Hall, was free).

Piano fans could choose between the recitals by Claudio Arrau and Murray Perahia, taking place simultaneously at opposite ends of the city. Other performers included the pianist Peter Serkin, the violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Centre, the up-and-coming Emerson String Quartet with the pianist Menahem Pressler. There were chamber-music concerts with well-known artists on a barge docked at Brooklyn port.

The centenary of Franz Liszt's death was marked with a two-day event at Columbia University, featuring the British scholar Alan Walker, the pianist Charles Rosen and other artists and researchers. (An even larger-scale affair had taken place some months earlier in Washington; American musical opinion obviously doesn't share the snobbish attitude to Liszt we are blessed with here.)

THEN THERE was opera. New Yorkers are in love with this genre: no fewer than 10 local companies performed, with varying frequency, during the 10 days. (This is something Israelis are beginning to appreciate. Having two fully-staged operatic productions this month, following so many blank years, is a remarkable change. Yet another opera is to be staged in January.)

The posh Metropolitan Opera (the Met to New Yorkers) is, of course, one of the world's great opera houses. It charges high admission prices, features international stars, and boasts a superb orchestra. In a recent performance of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, the complex score emerged from the pit with a brilliance that would do honour to any important symphony orchestra.

The City Opera, a stone's throw from the Met, chooses a somewhat more adventurous repertoire, though the productions are less luxurious. Next to the two leading houses, less regular troupes abound – Amato Opera, Cooper Operaworks, Opera Uptown and so on.

The repertoire shown during the time covered here embraced just about every historical and national operatic school – from parts of *Nixon in China* by John Adams, staged by the controversial and fashionable Peter Sellars, to Bernstein's *Candide*, Prokofiev's *Love of Three Oranges*, Puccini's *Tosca*, Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, Verdi's *Aida* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*.

BUT IF French, Italian, Russian, German operas, why not a Jewish opera too? After all, Jewish musicians enjoy key positions in the opera world. James Levine and Beverly Sills lead the Met and City Opera respectively, while the late Jan Peerce and Richard Tucker are well remembered (there is a Richard Tucker Plaza just across the street from Lincoln Centre).

This is not an idle question, as far as Hadassah Markson is concerned. In fact, the energetic director of the music department at the 92nd Street Y – the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association – has already produced six operas which, she says enthusiastically, amount to a "new operatic strain – the Jewish opera."

Markson's criteria are simple and clear: the subject-matter should stem from Jewish experience – the Bible, history, folklore, literature – and the composer must be Jewish. There are no limits on artistic style: "Jewish opera must be an expression of the composer's creativity, inspired by the Jewish subject." Thus, next to *Gimpel the Fool*, the brilliant folkloric score by David Schieff based on Bashevis Singer's story, Markson's productions include two operas, *The False Messiah* and *Michoels the Wise*, by the modernist Bruce Adolphe.

THE IDEA of a Jewish opera came up almost by chance, Markson recounted in her small Manhattan office.

"Some 10 years ago, we were looking for a way to mark the 10th *yahrzeit* of my father, A. W. Binder, who was an important American Jewish composer and educator. He had set to music a Sholom Aleichem story, *Goat's Milk*. We performed it, in English, and the opera was very warmly received."

She never looked back. The board of the "Y," the largest Jewish cultural centre in the city, backed Markson's plan to stage a new Jewish opera every year.

"In response to our announcement, hundreds of scores poured in," she still marvels. "One proved to be a jewel, *Gimpel the Fool*. Its performance won unqualified acclaim."

Another winner was *The Angel Levine* by Elie Siegmeister, based on Bernard Malamud's story. "It is a moving tale about man's fate. It says angels can be found everywhere – in a *shul* and in a Harlem bar – and they can be of every colour, too."

The next project is a Russian double bill: *The Rothschilds' Fiddle* by Benjamin Fleischman, completed and orchestrated by Shostakovich after the composer perished in the Leningrad blockade during World War II; and *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Grigory Fried.

The roles in Jewish opera productions are assigned to the best singers available, among them Met and City Opera soloists. The 16-player orchestra of free-lance musicians – which in New York means a very high calibre – is conducted by Amy Kaiser. Once staged, an opera is given a very short run and not repeated.

"The idea is to spark an interest in the work, so it can take off and enter the repertoire of established companies," explains Markson, who picks the scores and serves as overall artistic director. However, the possibility of using the original cast for out-of-town productions in the future is not excluded.

A frequent visitor to Israel, she dreams of bringing some of her operas to Israel one day. "The small orchestra certainly makes our presentations mobile."

In the meantime, those of our composers who have Jewish opera scores lying in their drawers could do worse than get in touch with Hadassah B. Markson at the Y, 1395 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10028. □

Bridge Hanan Sher

A DUCK IN TIME

NORTH
♠ K952
♥ AK8762
♦ —
♣ 743

WEST
♠ A73
♥ 103
♦ AJ1086
♣ 1065

EAST
♠ J8
♥ J9
♦ K753
♣ AKQ92

SOUTH
♠ Q1064
♥ Q52
♦ Q743
♣ J8

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
—	2 ♦	Dbl.	3 ♠
4 ♦	4 ♠	All pass	

(Shalom Bar-Tal)

LESS THAN TWO weeks ago, bridge players all over the Continent and in Israel competed in the 12th European *Simultaneous* Pairs, this year sponsored by the Philip Morris tobacco company.

As the title would indicate, the 20,000 or so participants all played the same deals, at the same time. And they were able to instantly translate their results into match points, thanks to a pre-determined scale included on the travelling score sheet that went with each hand. At the end of the competition, a handsome booklet containing all of the deals, plus commentary by Omar Sharif, the actor-bridge player, and the outstanding French pair, Paul Chemla and Michel Perron, was distributed to all participants.

As is the case in many pre-determined deals (these were taken from tournament play, but were certainly not of the random variety), it often paid off to bid "one for the road" in competitive auctions. That was certainly good advice to the East-West players in today's deal, who could have made five clubs with relative ease – provided that the defence did not engineer a diamond ruff.

But as the Chemla-Perron-Sharif commentary pointed out, there was really little need to get beyond a part-score. The points were evenly divided, and neither side was likely to bid game.

That was certainly not the case in one table from the Jerusalem segment. The bidding occupied only two rounds, but by then North-South had already reached the game level.

For the non-duplicate players among us, the auction takes a little explanation. North's opening two-diamond call is the Flannery convention, promising a hand in the 11-15 range with five hearts and four spades. (The convention, we should note, covers a "hole" in most bidding systems: opener, with five hearts, four spades and moderate values, has a serious rebid problem in natural bidding. He can rebid his hearts, concealing his spades, or he can bid his spades, overstating his strength.)

But on with our story. After North opened two diamonds, East doubled to show a decent hand with diamonds, and probably clubs as well. South, fitting both of partner's suits, showed that with a jump to three spades, and West chimed in by "raising" partner's known diamonds.

North closed proceedings with four spades, and West made the opening lead of the diamond ace, ruffed in dummy.

Declarer saw that with a 3-2 heart division, he had 10 tricks available – provided he could bring home the spade suit with only one loser. At Trick Two, he led a small spade from dummy, putting in the king when East played low. West won, and played clubs, South ruffing the third one.

Declarer had now lost three tricks, all he could afford. And the spade jack was still at large. Should he finesse against the supposed jack in the West hand, or try to drop the doubleton jack in East's? He led a small spade towards dummy, took a deep breath and called for the king. His aerobic efforts were rewarded when the jack appeared from East.

Making four spades was worth 420 points, and 80 of the 100 match points available on each hand. That was a triumph for good guessing, and for North-South.

But it need not have been, as East pointed out to his partner. The contract could have been defeated – or, at least, South's guess could have been made nearly impossible – if West had not taken South's king of spades with his ace.

If that had been the case, declarer would have "placed" the spade ace in the East hand, and would have taken his best chance by attempting a finesse against West's supposed jack. (If East had held both honours, South would have had no chance after his first spade play.)

All that would be true, presuming that West ducked the first spade in tempo, without hesitating. If he had done so, he would have proved the value of a duck in time. □

Between acts Liora Moriel

Getting into the act

(Jascov Agor)

TWO YEARS out of drama school, Idit Teperson seems poised on the brink of stardom. She spent a year at the Jerusalem Khan Theatre, another at Habimah and is now, at 27, at the Beersheba Municipal Theatre. She will soon be seen on educational television in a musical adaptation of King Solomon's life, playing the Queen of Sheba, and is currently filming her first movie in which she has the leading role.

Acting was not Teperson's first career choice. She studied classical ballet for 10 years with increasing intensivity until she was 16. "I wanted to be a ballerina. Why not?" But her height, especially on "points" and the prospect of having to miss out on the fun of social life finally conspired to end this dream.

When she was 14, her gym teacher realized that she was a gifted athlete: she could vault one-and-a-half metres in the high jump. She was immediately singled out for special training and sent to the Wingate Institute. For two years, apart from increasing academic demands at school, she spent her afternoons practising the high jump and ballet. Finally, she gave up.

"I've always wanted to be an actress, but when I see a ballerina today I can't say that I am unmoved," she said in an interview in her Beersheba apartment.

DESPITE the fact that we are both sabras, we talk in English, which she always speaks with her father, David Teperson, who came to Israel from South Africa as a young volunteer in 1948. He stayed on after the war, working for one of Tel Aviv's biggest construction companies and married the daughter of one of the directors. He and Shoshana now run their own construction firm with their two sons. They wanted Idit as a partner, too, but she had other ideas.

After the army she went to London, intending to stay there for a year and study theatre. But first she flew to the United States with an Israeli friend for a month's travel.

"We got to my father's cousin in California," she said, "and ended up staying the whole year there together, teaching the children of rich Bel Air Jews. It was there that I first had the courage of my convictions and dared to say that I really wanted to be an actress."

SHE MADE another decision in California: to study in Israel, not in London. "I wanted to act on an Israeli stage, in Hebrew. So I applied to the Beit Zvi school, saying that if I was rejected I'd give up the theatre bug."

But she was accepted and has never looked back.

"Those were three wonderful years. It's very intensive, there's no life outside the school. I loved it and didn't want school to end."

Hers was the first group to graduate under the watchful eyes of Gary Bilu, the man who is credited with putting Beersheba's theatre on the map.

On graduation, Idit had to choose between the Haifa Municipal Theatre and the Jerusalem Khan. The personality of Yossi Yizraeli finally pulled her to the latter. "I'm not sorry for a minute, although most of what he produced were failures. Working on his *Dybbuk* brought me 20 steps forward as an actress. He gave us wings."

Omri Nitzan then wooed her to the national theatre, Habimah. She took part in seven productions, including *The Spotted Tiger*, which had an all-star cast.

"It's a great place, and a terrific crew," she enthused. But then came half a year of inactivity, in the sense that no new work was being rehearsed. She grew restless.

WHEN THE television series and the offer from Tsippi Pines came, there were decisions to be made. In the end, the idea of working with a close-knit group in a small city, where the director is genuinely interested in the development of each actor and actress, carried the most weight.

"Tsippi Pines offered me the most interesting roles. So far I've had two roles and I'm happy that I came to Beersheba."

Currently, she is playing the stage manager in *Chorus of Disapproval* with Natan Datner. "I've always been given the role of sexy, beautiful, graceful women, while here I'm wearing a short wig, huge clothing and physically carry the whole show: I lift things, move things, have fights..."

In real life, Idit Teperson has fights with no one. She is especially close to her family. "When I was accepted to Beit Zvi, I telephoned my mother with the good news right away. Her reaction was: *Oy vey!*" recalled Teperson with a smile. "Today, my parents are my biggest fans. They come to every show!" □

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Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

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ISRAEL may not be a country in which one can find good restaurants according to the number of lorries parked outside, but, as it to compensate, some of the best places seem to be adjacent to service stations.

A place on the highway, with cars constantly driving in and out, is hardly the sort of place one would think of as conducive to good eating. On the other hand, as my companion noted, the whole city has become so choked with vehicles that the fumes here are no worse than anywhere else.

Inside, the restaurant is pleasant and cheerful, with red-checked curtains and red- and-white tablecloths. The service is especially courteous and helpful. Many of the clients seem to be officials from the Foreign Ministry, across the highway.

THE MENU accentuates Moroccan cuisine and so we fittingly began our meal with Moroccan salads. The best, I thought, was a succulent dish of peeled, roasted peppers.

I had a curious difference of opinion with my companion over a dish of beet salad. I, who normally abhor that vegetable, thought the salad was excellent, while she, who enjoys the taste of beets, thought it over-seasoned. We both agreed, however, that the homemade vegetable pickles, though peppery hot, were excellent.

Just to round matters off, so to speak, I also ordered a platter of stuffed vegetables. Our selection included many little grape leaves stuffed with rice, artichokes stuffed with meat and served in a lemony chicken broth, and eggplant, heavily seasoned with cardamon seed, in the local version of moussaka, which includes meat and tomato sauce.

The fact that each of these items had been prepared with its own seasonings and own sauce was enough to make me partial to the platter, but I must add that every vegetable was also delicious.

FOR MY main course I ordered couscous, which was served in one large soup plate, with the little steamed grains on the bottom and the meat and vegetables on top. Though it was tasty, I would have preferred to have the meat, vegetables and broth served in a separate bowl. I'm also afraid that I found the beef rather dry.

There was no such problem with my companion's tongue with mushrooms, which was tender, succulent and delicious. But here I had a different complaint, namely, that the mushrooms (tinned) contributed nothing to the dish. Their taste was quite unnoticed in the sauce and it would have been more reasonable to describe the dish simply as tongue.

With the tongue, my companion enjoyed freshy-made crisp chips and a nicely seasoned salad.

We were really in no position to enjoy dessert, having indulged ourselves most shamefully, but for the sake of science, we did try one portion of chocolate mousse. We shouldn't have bothered. The taste wasn't bad, but the texture was strangely solid and we were not tempted to finish it. The Turkish coffee was good and quite necessary after a meal like that.

The bill, including soft drinks, came to NIS 44, putting the restaurant into the category of one of the city's hidden treasures. □

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Best of British

Eccentric Nicholas Roeg films

IF YOU ARE not a regular film-festival hound, which most people aren't, but are enough of a movie buff to wish, at least once a year, to fill the wide gaps left by the Israeli distributors, the London Film Festival may be the answer to your prayers.

With more than 150 feature films screened in slightly less than three weeks, your only problem might be to decide what to miss. Especially this year, when many of the films are shown only once, due to the demands of the British distributors, making it even more difficult to establish a satisfactory schedule to fit your heart's desires.

Once upon a time this was a cozy little affair, a selection of festival favourites picked earlier in the year, in Europe, by an artistically-oriented team. The entire affair was restricted to the National Film Theatre cinemas and foreign journalists were a rarity, since most of them had already seen the films at other festivals.

Now, the London Festival has become a complicated and elaborate event, spreading itself all over the London map, penetrating into the holy of holies of commercial cinema, the posh Leicester Square theatres; taking over the Queen Elizabeth Hall for silent movies accompanied by orchestra; and going into the Barbican to show jazz movies.

Guests are flown in from all over the world, with the British Council contributing to the effort, and the staff, whose size hasn't changed throughout all this development, are about to keel over. That they still function efficiently and get you your tickets to the next screening on time, and manage to invest a bit of personal attention on top of it, is to their credit.

NATURALLY, when you come to London, the first films you are expected to look for are the British ones. In this case there is no need to worry, for most of them will be shown, one way or another, in Israel – some of them in the cinemas but more of them on television. The biggest film producers in England are still companies such as the BBC, Granada or Channel Four, all of them companies that, like it or not, are interested primarily in products for the small screen, theatrical distribution, for them, being just a fringe benefit.

Thus it is safe to assume that films such as *Blunt*, attempting once again to explain the Burgess-MacLean-Blunt espionage scandal in human rather than ideological terms, will be released for television because of star performance by Anthony Hopkins and Ian Richardson, the literate script by Rubin Chapman, and the decadence of the upper classes portrayed once more with style and wit, something the Israeli public seems to admire very much.

The same considerations will probably help *After Pilkington* to make the trip to Israel. A slight satire written by Simon Gray, which seems to combine the Pinter-Losey elegant style of *The Accident* with Hitchcock's macabre humour in *The Trouble with Harry* it features a monumentally disturbing performance by Miranda Richardson (Tony's daughter) which carries most of the film.

Among the films made deliberately for the big screen, there were high hopes for *Castaway*, Nicholas Roeg's latest. Roeg, for some reason, is considered to be one of the masters of British cinema, particularly for such eccentric films as *The Man Who Fell to Earth*; but his new film does nothing to justify this reputation. Based on a diary recording events in the life of a man and a woman who came to an agreement with a publisher who was looking for a modern version of *Robinson Crusoe*, the film is undistinguished and superficial. The only obvious problem facing the couple is whether to have sex or not (they don't), and the film's only attraction is Amanda Donohoe walking naked through most of it. She is a very pretty girl, but that still does not make a film.

For commercial films, there is no choice but to turn again to the colonies, that is to the Hollywood product. At one time, the prevailing opinion was that such films shouldn't be featured in a festival; they are sufficiently exposed anyway.

Derek Malcolm, the film reviewer of *The Guardian* newspaper who took over the festival for a three-year stint in 1984, thought otherwise, but since this is Malcolm's last year, policies may change again in 1987.

In any case, thanks to Malcolm's policy I had the chance of a glimpse at the two extremities of Hollywood these days. On the one hand there was Blake Edwards bitter comedy *That's Life*, dealing with his own and his wife's personal experiences, or so it seems, even if it is not stated in so many words. Jack Lemmon plays an architect, a hypochondriac terrified of old age and death, exasperated by everybody's determination to celebrate his 60th birthday, which he would gladly ignore, and frustrated by his career, full of compromises which prevented his becoming another Frank Lloyd Wright. Julie Andrews, who is actually Edwards's wife, plays the architect's spouse and the central character of the whole film. In the opening sequence she is lying on an operating table, going through a test which will determine whether the tumour in her throat is malignant. For the rest of the weekend she spends with her family, she never tells anybody about the threat hanging over her head, bravely trying to support her slightly ridiculous and despondent husband, and their three children: her pregnant daughter who feels neglected by her husband; her other daughter, whose lover has thrown a tantrum; and her son, the TV star.

In spite of the fact that what the movie basically deals with is the glamorous, rich and famous, this is very much a family picture, touching because of the tinge of authentic pain that runs through it even at its funniest moments. The architect's complaints about his failed career sound suspiciously similar to some of Edwards's own declarations in his latest interviews, and it is difficult not to be impressed with the loving portrait he paints of his wife.

JOHN HUGHES'S *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* is another matter altogether. On the face of it, this is an amusing romp through Chicago, one day in the irresponsible life of a high-school student, who not only absents himself from classes by playing sick, but persuades his girlfriend do the same (not that she is very reluctant to do so). He also cons his best friend into filching his father's Ferrari to give the events of the day more pizzaz.

Matthew Broderick, the boy from *War Games*, plays the lead in an engaging fashion and all in all, it is no wonder the film is such a box-office success.

Beneath it all, however, this is probably the most immoral of John Hughes's pictures, which have never been noted for morality. The pope of the teenage movies comes right out and proclaims that all adults, without exception, are morons, and while some of the young ones aren't completely devoid of mental potential, they are certainly a completely vacuous lot who don't give a damn about their future. It could be argued that the kids in the film aren't exactly your average run-of-the-mill neighbourhood youngsters, but they must certainly be representative of something, judging by the terrific empathy of the largely American young audience, and that something isn't very admirable.

WHILE BOTH these films are sure to be shown in Israel, and there will therefore be ample opportunity to elaborate on them, it is very doubtful whether any of the Far Eastern pictures in the programme will ever be released here, more's the pity. The London Festival has been remarkably successful lately in introducing some of the unknowns of that cinema, and it pursued this policy in a most satisfactory fashion this year.

The best news this time was that young (36) director Yoshimitsu Morita is going strong. After *The Family Game*, a dazzling black comedy was shown in all the European festivals a couple of years ago, Morita was represented here by two newer pictures which had very little in common except their visual brilliance.

And Then is a stylish, turn-of-the-century love story, a beautifully shot period piece, reminiscent of the late Visconti. *Deaths in Tokimeki* is a thriller that manages to keep the audience riveted to its seats, despite the fact that most of the time it is given only shreds of information which begin to make sense in the second half of the picture.

But visually, the fate of a contract killer biding his time in a country house, with an ex-doctor for housekeeper and a call-girl to relieve his sexual stress, is so strong you don't even care that you are kept in the dark so long about the purpose of the entire operation.

Strangely enough, some frames from this picture appeared briefly in another Japanese item, *Comic Magazine*, one of the most serious indictments of the gutter press ever put on film. The protagonist is a muck-raking reporter on a highly popular and absolutely disgusting TV gossip programme. In the course of his work, he has to dig into the most unsavoury aspects of ordinary Japanese life and the results are quite revolting.

Another film which could indirectly be quite revealing for an Israeli audience, although it was made in Hongkong, is *Just Like Weather*. The unnecessarily complicated story may confuse matters here and there, but the theme is only too familiar to us all. A newly-married couple have to make up their minds whether they are prepared to sever their ties with the wife's family and emigrate to America to join the young man's mother, since they can't make ends meet in Hongkong. At one point, out of idleness and desperation, the husband even allows himself to be tempted into crime.

LET ME wrap up this report with an Italian film, a hit in its own country but naturally ignored by the Israeli distributors who lately have had very little faith in non-American products. *Let's Hope It's a Girl*, by the veteran Mario Monicelli, is a kind of feminine version of a previous film of his *The Friends*. Instead of dwelling on male friendship, he follows the relations within a family in which all the males are weak dreamers, while the women are left to fend for themselves.

If this sounds pretty militant at first sight, Monicelli's gentle humour and humanity save the day. He also has a team of great actors to work with: Liv Ullman, Catherine Deneuve, Philipe Noiret and Bertrand Blier.

The only infuriating thing about the film is the atrocious dubbing, which doesn't even try to fit the Italian dialogue into the mouths of the foreign actors. Otherwise, this is one of the very few enjoyable pictures to come out of Italy lately.

Now that I look back at it, for six days that I was at the festival, this isn't such a bad crop at all. □

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RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
New Israeli film
English subtitles

JERUSALEM THEATRE Tel. 667167
SHOAH (I)
Sat. 6:30; Weekdays 1 p.m.
SHOAH (II)
Sat. 6:30; Weekdays 1

KFIR Tel. 242523
3rd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
2nd week
TROUBLE IN MIND
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL Tel. 234176
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
ABOUT LAST NIGHT
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
ALIENS
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9
COMMANDO
Weekdays 4:30

ORNA Tel. 224733
TOOTH FOR TOOTH
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

RON Tel. 234704
4th week
THE BURMESE HARP
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

SEMADAR Tel. 633742
MONA LISA
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
LAST TANGO IN PARIS
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV

BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
Fri. 2:30 p.m.; Sun. 11:15 p.m.: ANNIE HALL
Fri., Wed. 11:15 p.m.: BANANAS
Sat., Tue. 11:15 p.m.: SLEEPER
Mon. 11:15 p.m.: LOVE AND WAR
Thur. 11:15 p.m.: EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
14th week
★ TOM CRUISE
★ KELLY McGILLIS
TOP GUN
A Tony Scott film
Fri. 9:45 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
5th week
YENTL
★ BARBRA STREISAND
★ AMY ERWIN
Mon. 8 p.m.

CHEN 1
Tel. 282288
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:45
PIRATES
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 2
8th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12:05 midnight
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:45
SWORD IN THE STONE
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 3
2nd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.;
Sat. and weekdays 6:15, 9:15
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 4
6th week
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Fri. 11 a.m., 9:50 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 5, 7:40, 9.50
LADY AND THE TRAMP
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 5
ALIENS
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7, 9:45
Weekdays 11, 2, 4:25, 7, 9:45
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
SOME LIKE IT HOT
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
PROM QUEEN
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

DEKEL Tel. 454114
7th week
BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA
Directed by John Carpenter
★ KURT RUSSELL
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I
Tel. 200485
10th week
MONA LISA
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF II
Tel. 200485
5th week
MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF III
Tel. 200485
2nd week
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sex film
Fri. 12:15 (after midnight)
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
ARMED AND DANGEROUS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
4th week
EL AMOR BRUJO
Directed by Carlos Saura
Music by Manuel De Falla
★ ANTONIO GADES
★ CHRISTINA HOYOS
★ LAURA DEL SOL
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9:30
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Fri. 10 p.m.

NEW CINEMA GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
AVANTI POPULO
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HOD
4th week
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
The world bestseller now on the screen! A stunningly beautiful film based on the book by Jean M. Auel.
THE CLAN OF THE BEAR
★ DARYL HANNAH
★ JAMES REMAR
Directed by Michael Chapman

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Saturday 7:30
PSYCHO
Saturday 9:30
OTTO DER FILM

LEV I Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
5th week
THE BURMESE HARP
A Kon Ichikawa film
"The top cinematic achievement of the season"
(International Herald Tribune)
Fri. 1:45 p.m., 10
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV II Tel. 288868
11th week
TROUBLE IN MIND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:30
DANGEROUS MOVES
Fri. 2 p.m.

LEV III Tel. 288868
★ MICHEL PICCOLI
★ LIV ULLMANN
★ LESLIE CARON
★ ALEXANDRE ARBATT
In the Israel première of

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
3rd week
OTELLO
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:20, 9:35 p.m.
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:20, 9:35

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
2nd week
★ PETER COYOTE
★ NICKO MANCUSO
★ CAROLE LAURE
HEART BREAKERS
Fri. 2, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
Sat. 7:30:
LES FAVORIS DE LA LUNE

MAXIM Tel. 287457
SILKWOOD
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

ORLY Tel. 284025
8th week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
★ MERYL STREEP
★ JACK NICHOLSON
Sex. Love. Marriage.
Some people don't know when to quit.
A Mike Nichols Film
HEARTBURN

PARIS Tel. 222282
14th week
VAGABONDE
An Agnes Varda film
English subtitles
Fri. 12 noon, 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30
Fri. 4:30; Sat. 11:30 p.m.: CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Sat. 11 a.m.: *ALLEGRO NON TROPPO*
1: Dr. STRANGELOVE
3: LOLITA
5: ANIMAL HOUSE

PEER Tel. 443795
10th week
"Ricochets" TWO FINGERS FROM SIDON
English & French subtitles
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
3rd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
A Woody Allen film
★ MICHAEL CAINE
★ MIA FARROW
★ CARRIE FISHER
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

SIVAN Tel. 657820
58 Allenby St.
2nd week
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
Film by Dusan Makavejev
ET LA TENDRESSE?... BORDEL!
Movie by Patrick Shulman
("Zig Zag Story")
English subtitles
Sat. 1 p.m.: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
3: CASABLANCA
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: UP IN SMOKE
Tue. 11:45 p.m. NEIGHBORS
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

TAMUZ
Tel. 412761
15th week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
A Jamie Uys film made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 1: LORD OF THE RINGS
3: MEMORIES
11:45: RUMBLE FISH
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: MONTENEGRO
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: TARZOON

TCHELET Tel. 443950
2nd week
REUBEN REUBEN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
4th week
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
★ CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT
★ SEAN CONNERY
HIGHLANDER
There Can Be Only One

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
25th week
SHOAH (I)
Weekdays 6:30 p.m.
SHOAH (II)
Weekdays 1 p.m.

ZAFON Tel. 443966
13th week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
The most acclaimed film *of the year!*
★ MAGGIE SMITH
★ DENHOLM ELLIOTT
★ JUDI DENCH
★ HELENA BONHAM CARTER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
★ RICHARD YOUNG
★ JOHN DRESDEN.
FINAL MISSION

ARMON Tel. 664848
2nd week
HIGHLANDER
Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

ATZMON 1 Tel. 663003
12th week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15

ATZMON 2 Tel. 663003
6th week
MONA LISA
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

CENTRE CULTUREL FRANCAIS
50 Sd. Moriah Tel. 383727
Mon. 9:30 p.m.
A NOS AMOURS
Tue. 6:
RETROSPECTIVE PASOLINI

CHEN Tel. 666272
THE SURE THING
Sat. and weekdays 6:45, 9

KEREN OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
4th week
VAGABONDE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
Sat. 11:30 p.m. *KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE*
Thur. 11:30 p.m. M.A.S.H.

ORAH Tel. 664017/8
3rd week
THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
MISHIMA
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9

PEER Tel. 662232
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
8th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15

RAV-GAT 2
2nd week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 9:15

RON Tel. 669069
PSYCHO III
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
3rd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
(Woody Allen)
★ MICHAEL CAINE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

Film briefs

Dan Fainaru

ABOUT LAST NIGHT – A romantic comedy as complex as a glass of water with as lingering an aftertaste. He and she meet in a bar, live together, have a fight and separate, but the end promises they will come together again. The oldest Hollywood formula reworked in predictable fashion, with heart-throbs Rob Lowe and Demi Moore as the lovers. James Belushi works hard to supply the comic relief. The sexual perversities of Chicago promised by the original David Mamet play were lost on the way by director Edward Zwick.

ALIENS – Officer Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) goes back to fight the mysterious giant insects that did a murderous job on a spaceship in Ridley Scott's *Alien*. This time around the scope is enlarged from one spaceship to a whole planet, and the pure science-fiction horror yarn is injected with a breath of humanity by director James Cameron, with better results than in the original.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO – Stories set to music by Debussy, Dvorak, Ravel, Sibelius, Stravinsky and Vivaldi are brought to the screen in a very attractive animation. Italian production.

ANNIE HALL – Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA – Comic books have never been as infantile as this offspring of theirs, and that takes some doing. A moronic truck driver pairs off with a diminutive Chinese restaurateur in San Francisco, to battle an evil spirit that has been kicking around for the last 2,000 years. Big sets, special effects and little else. With Kurt Russell and Kim Catrall. In America, this item has been peddled as great fun for the mean at heart.

BRAZIL – No jolly trip to Rio, this is George Orwell's 1984, revisited by Kafka through the perspective of Monty Python. A mad phantasmagoria of future oppressions and dreams, it has the kind of black humour that makes you feel guilty every time you smile. Jonathan Pryce is the man who strives for anonymity in a society guided only by the major needs of its own gangrenous bureaucracy. Love finally trips him up and pushes him into tackling a system that is by definition undefeatable. Terry Gilliam directed this rich but overlong repertoire of ideas as if he was just assembling material for a film yet to be made.

THE BURMESE HARP – Kon Ichikawa's remake of his 1956 award-winning anti-war picture, this time in colour and shot entirely on location. A Japanese soldier who witnesses the desolation and death spread by the Second World War refuses to go back to normal life and decides to stay behind in Burma, as long as its earth is soaked in blood. A lyrical, moving cinematic poem, which echoes an idealism often lost on our generation.

COCA COLA KID – Yugoslav enfant terrible Dusan Makavejev went to Australia to show how American imperialism will save the day, by hook or by crook, using as an allegory the confrontation between a soft-drink giant and an independent producer in the bush, who dares to compete with it. More tame than most Makavejev items, it still has plenty of weird ideas. With Eric Roberts and Greta Scacchi.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to drain your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg milks every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional tearjerker to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success.

DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS – Jorge Amado's novel about a woman wedded to the spirit of her irreverent first husband, a charming rogue, while being the devoted wife of an elderly, boring pharmacist the rest of the time, is given piquant treatment by director Nino Barello, fully exploiting the considerable charms of Sonia Braga in the lead.

EL AMOR BRUJO **(Bewitched Love)** – The famous Manuel de Falla ballet extended and elaborated into a full-length feature. Carlos Saura's third picture with dancer-choreographer Antonio Gades is the weakest, neither the drama nor the dancing fulfilling expectations. Cristina Hoyos is the widow bewitched by the memory of her late, philandering husband and Laura del Sol the fickle woman who caused his death.

THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY – The doubtful benefits of modern civilization seen from the perspective of a pygmy, mystified by the Coca-Cola he finds in the middle of nowhere. A South African comedy by James Uys. If not quite candid camera, very much in the spirit of it.

HEARTBURN – Nora Ephron adapted her own autobiographical novel about her marriage to philandering journalist Carl Bernstein into a superficial gossipy script which seems to be concerned with nothing more than settling private accounts. Mike Nichols prefers to have Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep play themselves to avoid any unpleasantness from persons directly affected by the story, and the result can't be anything but tame. Strictly for the fans of the two stars.

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW – Ted Kotcheff adapts another Mordechai Richler novel but this is a far cry from Duddy Kravitz. Joshua Shapira is another alley cat from Montreal's St. Urban neighbourhood, who almost makes it as a writer and marries into the aristocracy, only to realize that he will never be rid of his proletarian roots. Cut from a four-hour TV mini-series, this is fragmented and stammering, but has its funny moments among its many dreary ones. James Woods is far too earnest in the lead; Gabrielle Lazure is mainly decorative as his spouse; and Alan Arkin steals most scenes as his father.

KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. Their ensuing relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors. William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tensely directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

MISHIMA – A highly elaborate but not quite successful attempt to deal with the life, the credos and the work of Japanese author Yukio Mishima, a genius, a homosexual and a fascist who committed seppuku after a failed attempt to organize a military coup d'état. Director Paul Schrader tries to understand it all through a detailed account of Mishima's last day, combined with flashbacks from his past, and selected dramatizations of his works. It works better as an exercise in eccentric film-making than as a human tragedy.

MONA LISA – Worth seeing for the performance of Bob Hoskins as an outdated gangster who, after seven years in jail, becomes the bodyguard of a black call-girl servicing clients all over London. Strong direction by Neil Jordan. Kathy Tyson is persuasive as the high-class hooker with a big chip on her shoulder, but the script aspires to symbolic profundities it never achieves.

MONTENEGRO – *Gastarbeiter* – the imported workers from the South of Europe who do the dirty jobs of the North – are the subject of Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev's film. Brilliant.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE – Certainly the bawdiest, most outrageous, and antagonistic interpretation of American college life in the early '60s and very probably the funniest as well.

THE NEVER ENDING STORY – Multi-million-dollar production of the first half of Michael Ende's bestseller about a boy asked to move into the imaginary land of Fantasia to save it from annihilation. The original intention, of using the fairy-tale as a warning against human imagination going dry and the consequent destruction of human existence, tends to get lost in the luxurious abundance of special effects. Director Wolfgang Petersen prettified everything for the benefit of the camera. In the end, Petersen had a monumental row with the author – who asked to have his name removed from the credits – but this didn't hurt the film one little bit at the box office.

OTELLO – Franco Zefirelli's adaptation of Verdi's opera is stunning visually, and bound to fascinate those who are less concerned with fidelity to the Bard and the original score and more interested in action on the screen. Placido Domingo has found his best film role yet; Katya Ricciarelli looks like the classic Desdemona; and Justino Diaz is a Iago who seems to be trained for the cinema. However, chunks of missing music and numerous dramatic liberties are bound to enrage the purists.

PIRATES – Walter Matthau plays Captain Red as a close kin of Long John Silver, Captain Hook and every other villainous buccaneer who ever prowled the high seas in this spectacular Polanski spoof of the swashbuckling genre. Sadly lacking in plot and action, it has plenty of sneering comments on human nature to save it from foundering altogether.

PROM QUEEN – A profoundly desperate portrait of Israel today, as reflected in a boarding school in which violence and intolerance are rampant, and force is the only valid argument. Yitzhak "Zeppel" Yeshurun's film is disjointed, fragmented and sometimes clumsy, but shouldn't be ignored. With Alon Aboutboul, Yitzhak Ben-Ner and Avital Beer.

REUBEN REUBEN – Tom Conti plays a dissipated, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpled Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia. Intelligent entertainment.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutboul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW – Adapted from an early E.M. Forster novel, James Ivory's film is an amusing society game, in which everybody tries to keep up appearances and anyone who doesn't is considered dangerous to the well-being of the gentry. Helena Bonham-Carter is almost prepared to give up passionate Julian Sands for snobbish Daniel Day-Lewis, while Maggie Smith wrings her hands in despair, doing all the wrong things, which lead, of course, to the right results.

RUMBLE FISH – Francis Ford Coppola's display of sheer virtuosity in this black-and-white tribute to the youth-oriented films of the Fifties. It is all about being born on the right or wrong side of the tracks and about the myth of the motorcycle and the leather jacket. Matt Dillon and Diana Lane are surrounded by supporting actors, such as Nicholas Cage, who crowd them off the screen.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

THREE MEN AND A CRADLE – Three confirmed bachelors are presented with a baby girl, fathered by one of them, and have to cope with the unexpected burden, while the mother is away making a living as a fashion model in America. A French comedy, which beat all the American blockbusters at the box office, this is a cute piece by director Coline Serreau, who takes an amused look at the way men, who think of themselves as macho, would handle chores thought to be "woman's work." Michel Boujenah, as the curly-headed designer, who is the first to fall in love with the new member of the family, is the best of the cast.

TROUBLE IN MIND – Another intimate piece from director Alan Rudolph *(Choose Me)*, this time about an ex-cop released from jail (Kris Kristofferson) who goes back to the bar kept by an old acquaintance (Genevieve Bujold) where he meets a worthless punk (Keith Carradine) and his timid wife (Lori Singer). Carradine dreams of easy riches, Singer takes up with Kristofferson for relief, and the movie combines lots of atmosphere with some very tough action. Characters are stronger than plot.

VAGABONDE – French director Agnes Varda paints the portrait of the ultimate drop-out deciding to reject society, a secretary refusing any compromises whatsoever, sinking deeper into her own private hell of solitude and misery as the price she has to pay for total and absolute freedom. A powerful and depressing film, featuring an unusually strong performance by Sandrine Bonnaire.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
TOOTH FOR TOOTH
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40

LILY Tel. 744238
3rd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

OASIS Tel. 739592
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

ORDEA Tel. 721720
8th week
RICOCHETS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
7th week
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 7:30, 9:50
SWORD IN THE STONE
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 2
2nd week
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7, 9:40
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 3
5th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 4
3rd week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
200, LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Sat. 11 a.m.

HERZLIYA

DAN ACCADIA CINEMA CLUB Tel. 052-557799
Fri. 2:30
RETURN TO OZ
Sat. 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 7, 9:30
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS

DANIEL HOTEL
The Auditorium
Sat., Sun. 7:15, 9:30
FX
Murder by Illusion
★ BRYAN BROWN
★ BRIAN DENNEHY

DAVID Tel. 540768
PROM QUEEN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HECHAL Tel. 81505
3rd week
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
7th week
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
SMASH
Sat. 11:30 p.m.
PINK FLOYD, THE WALL
Thur. 11:30 p.m.

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

MATNAS HOLON
HAUNTED HONEYMOON
Sat.–Wed. 7:15, 9:30
THE GREAT BALLOON ADVENTURE
Weekdays 4

SAVOY Tel. 847141
2nd week
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
2nd week
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 2
2nd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
4th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:30
Weekdays 4:15, 6:45, 9:30

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
LAST TANGO IN PARIS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
SHORT CIRCUIT
Fri. 9:30 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m., 7
Sun., Mon. 7; Tue., Wed., Thur. 4, 7
COCA COLA KID
Fri. 11:45 p.m.; Sat. 1:30, 9:30
Weekdays 9:30 p.m.

KIRYAT ONO

COMMUNITY CENTRE
HASHIGAON HAGADOL
Israeli film
Fri. 9:30 p.m.
Sat. 11 a.m., 6:30
Mon., Tue. 6:30
Wed. 4:30, 6:30
WITNESS
Sat., Mon., Tue., Wed. 9 p.m.

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
2nd week
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Tue. 7:15, 9:30 only

Cinematheque

November 28–December 5

Fri. 14:00 **Giulietta Degli Spiriti** dir: Federico Fellini; 16:30 **Les Deux Anglais** dir: Francois Truffaut
Sat. 17:30 **I Clowns** dir: Federico Fellini; 19:30 **Annie Hall** dir: Woody Allen; 21:30 **Body Heat** dir: Lawrence Kasdan
Mon. 19:00 **Pather Panchali** dir: Satyajit Ray; 19:00 **Monkey Business** with The Marx Brothers (small hall); 21:00 **Divorzio All'Italiana** with Marcello Mastroianni; 21:30 **Cutter And Bone** dir: Ivan Passer
Tue. 16:00 **The Four Feathers** dir: Zoltan Korda; 19:00 **Aparajito** dir: Satyajit Ray; 19:00 **Jerusalem: Profile Of A Changing City** *documentaries (small hall)*; 20:45 **Long Day's Journey Into Night** dir: Sidney Lumet (small hall); 21:30 **Viridiana** dir: Luis Bunuel
Wed. 19:00 **First Blood** dir: Ted Kotcheff; 19:00 **Pickpocket** dir: Robert Bresson (small hall); 21:00 **The Seventh Seal** dir: Ingmar Bergman (small hall); 21:30 **Rambo** with Sylvester Stallone
Thur. 19:00 **Apur Sansar** dir: Satyajit Ray; 19:30 **La Petite Marchande D'allumettes** dir: Jean Renoir; **La Chute De La Maison Usher** dir: Jean Epstein (small hall); 21:00 **Lolita** dir: Stanley Kubrick; 21:30 **The Woman In The Window** dir: Fritz Lang (small hall); 24:00 **Escape From Alcatraz** with Clint Eastwood
Fri. 14:00 **Amacord** dir: Federico *Fellini*

Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 724131

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